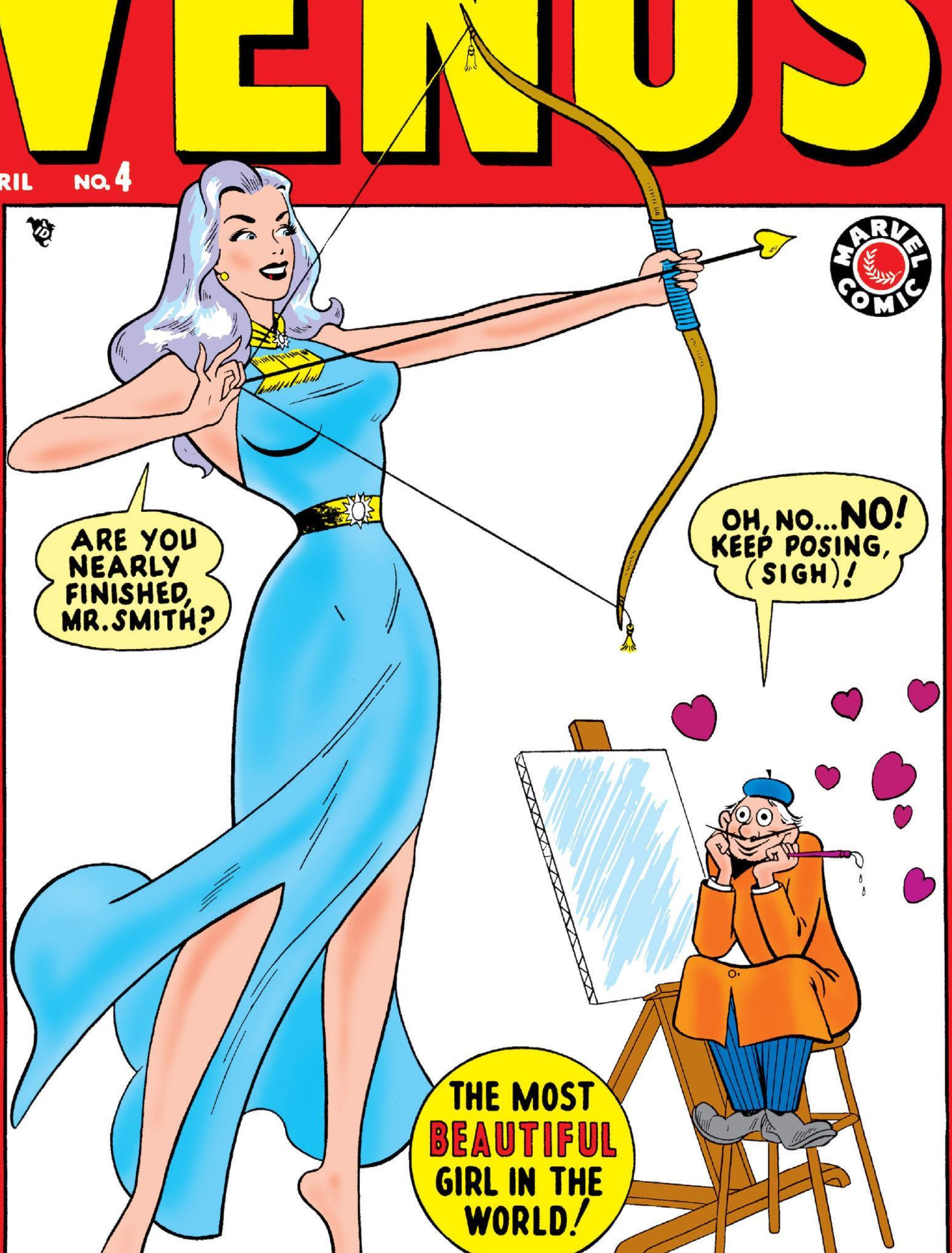
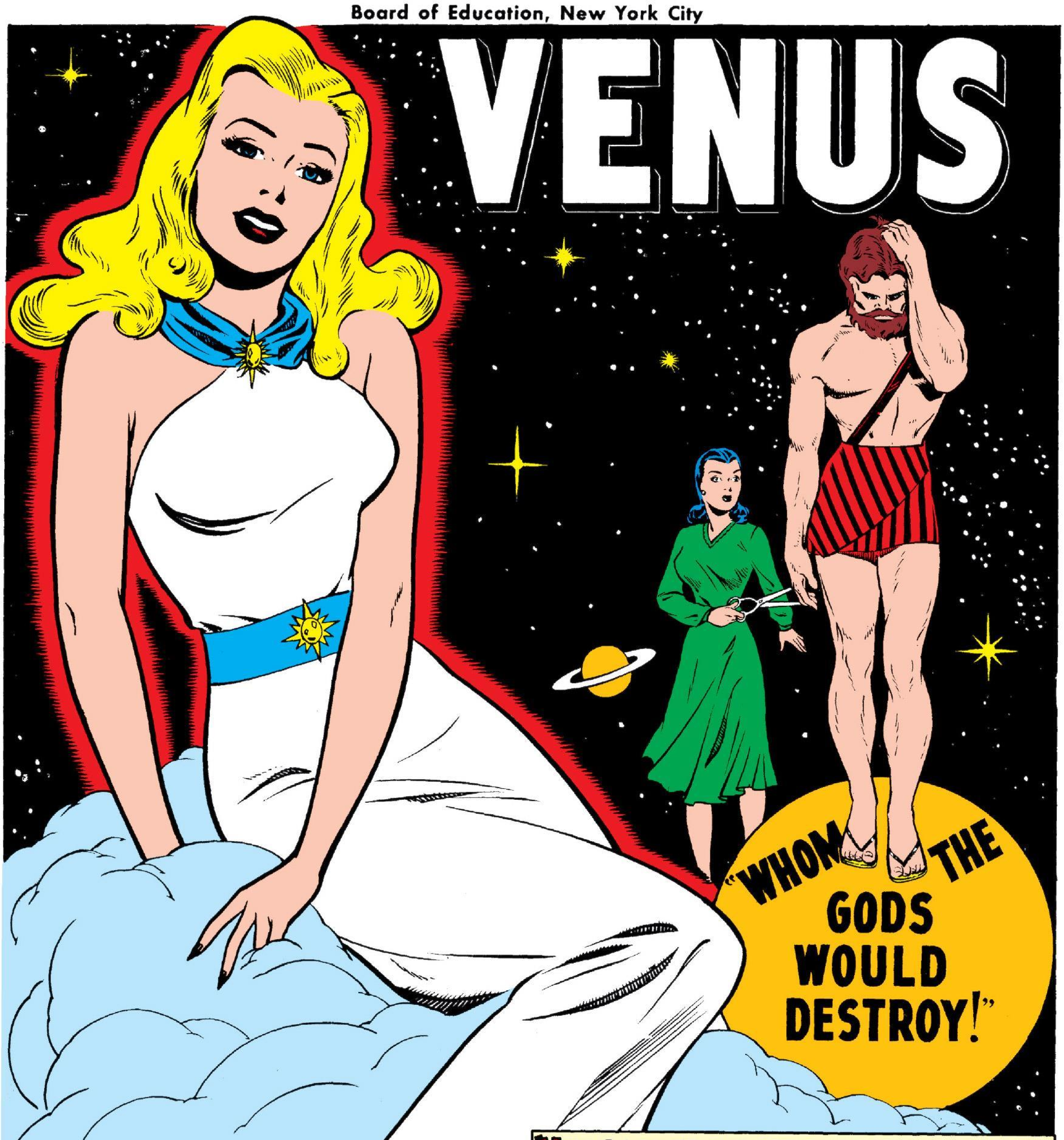
VENUS

APRIL NO. 4


MARVEL COMIC
ARE YOU NEARLY FINISHED, MR. SMITH?
OH, NO... NO! KEEP POSING, (SIGH)!
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD!

Editorial Consultant: **Jean Thompson, M. D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau; Board of Education, New York City**


VENUS
"WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY!"
VENUS LEAVES THE OFFICE OF BEAUTY MAGAZINE TO GO ON HER VACATION...
GOOD-BYE! HAVE A GOOD TIME, VENUS! WHEN YOU RETURN, WE'LL CELEBRATE AT THE CRANE CLUB!
GOOD-BYE, MR. HAMMOND!
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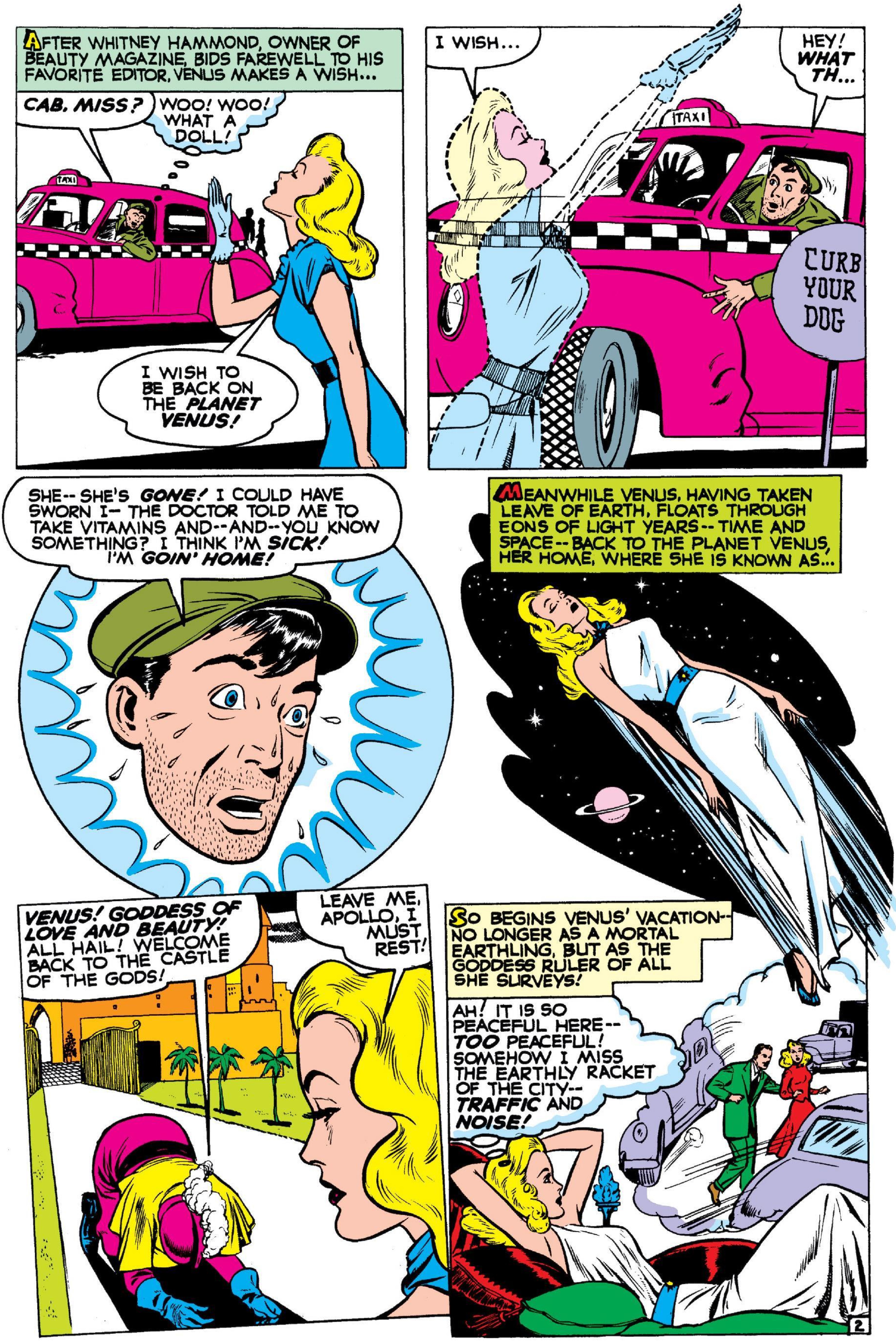
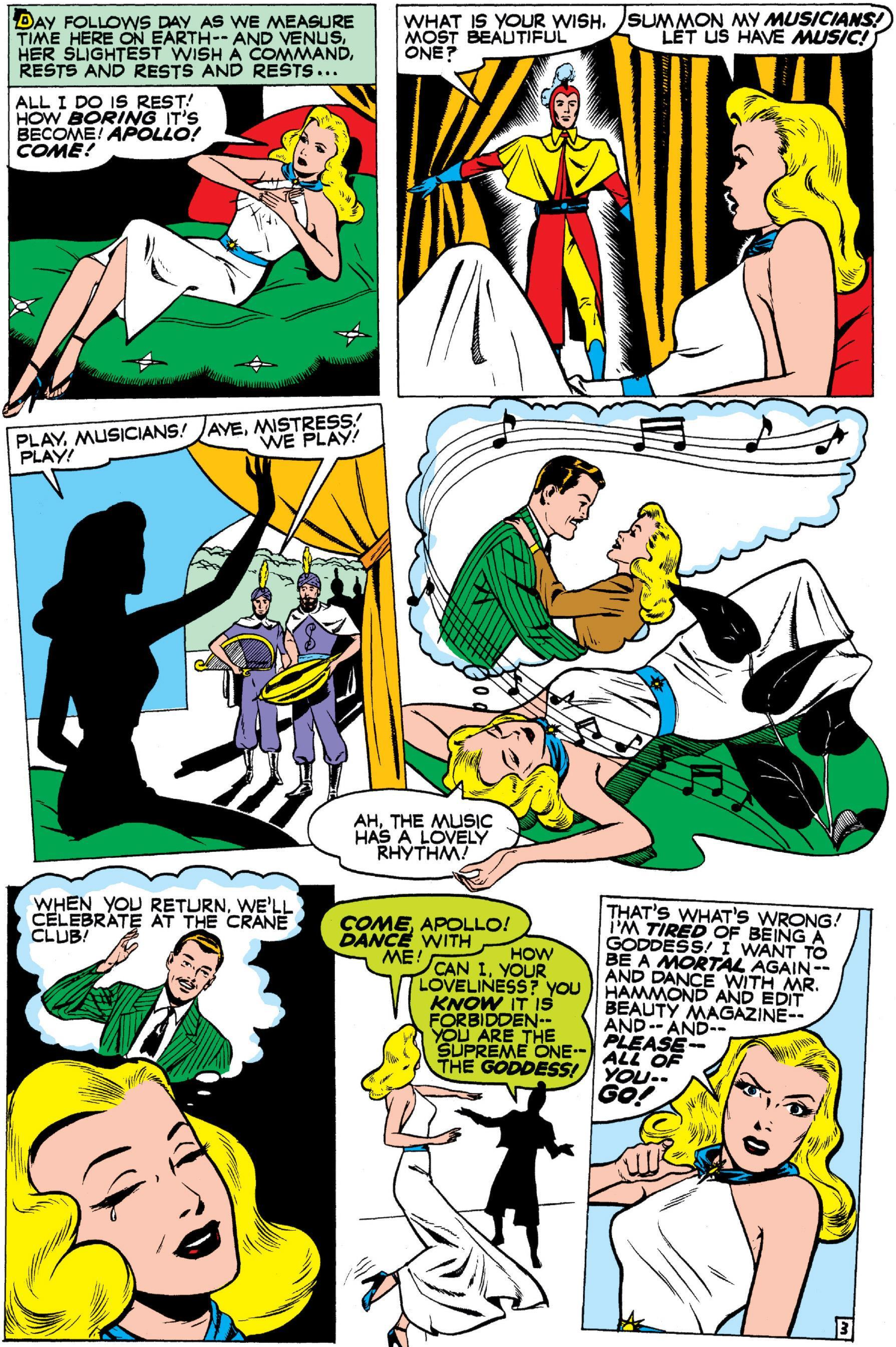
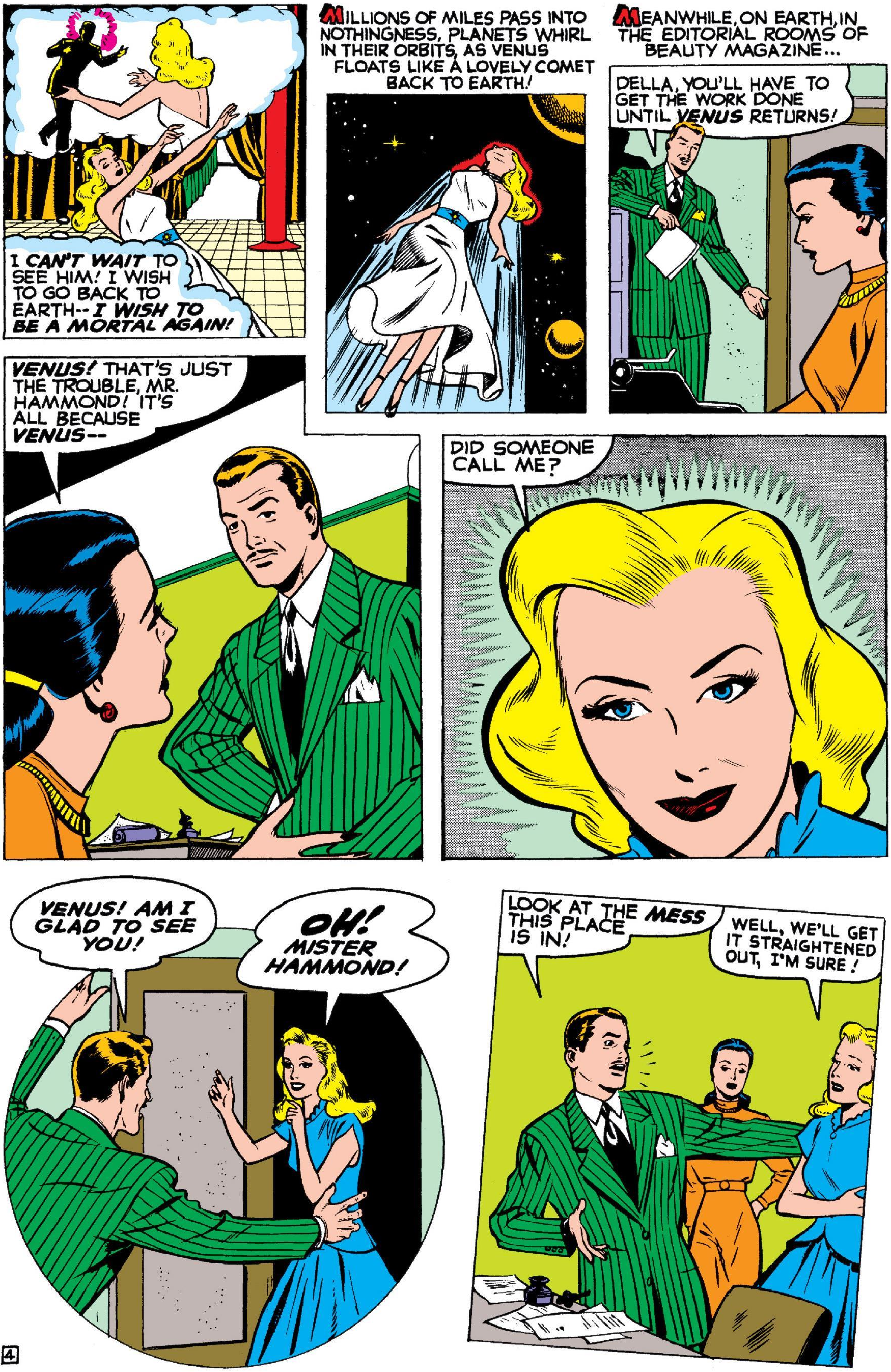
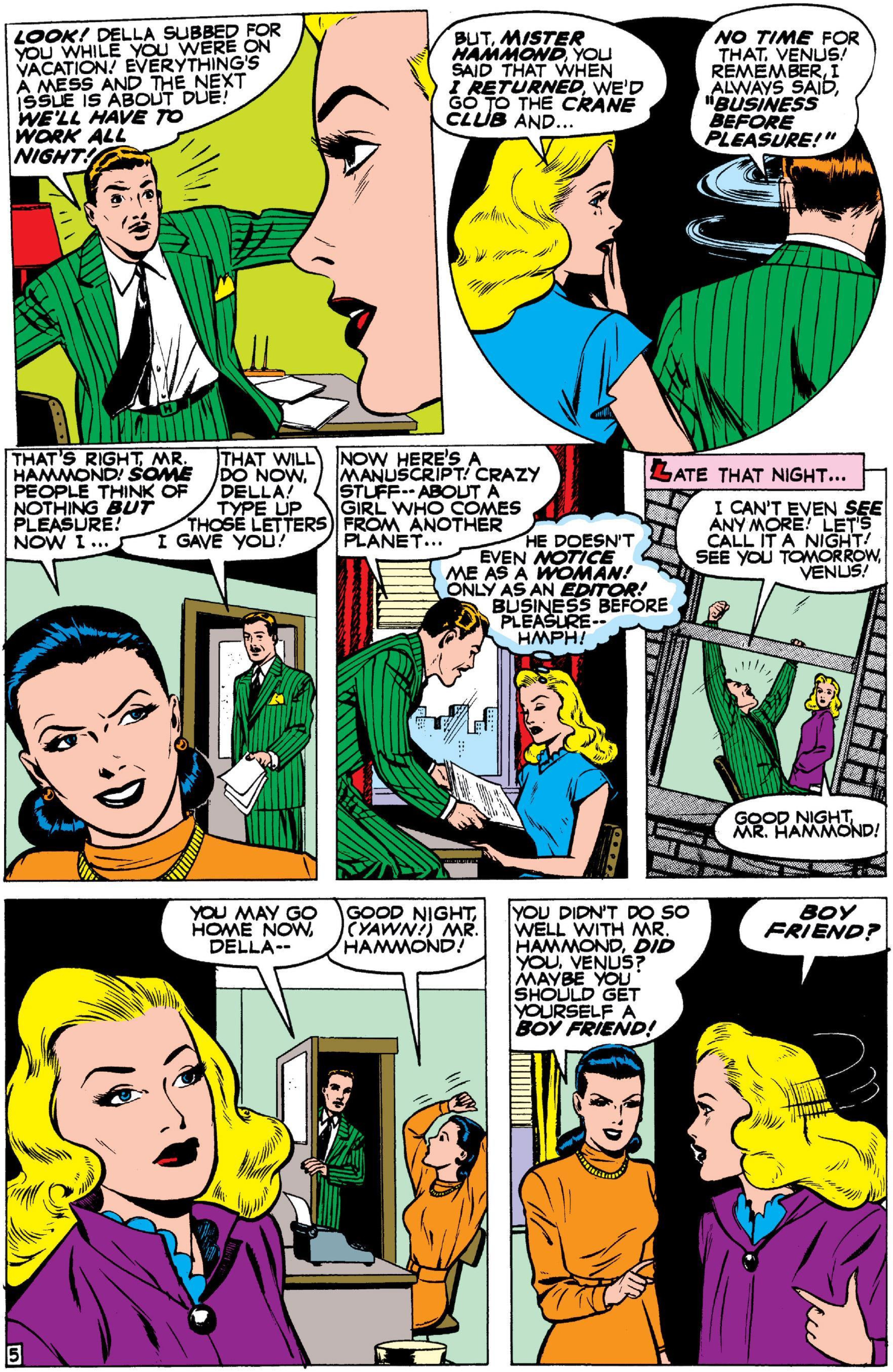
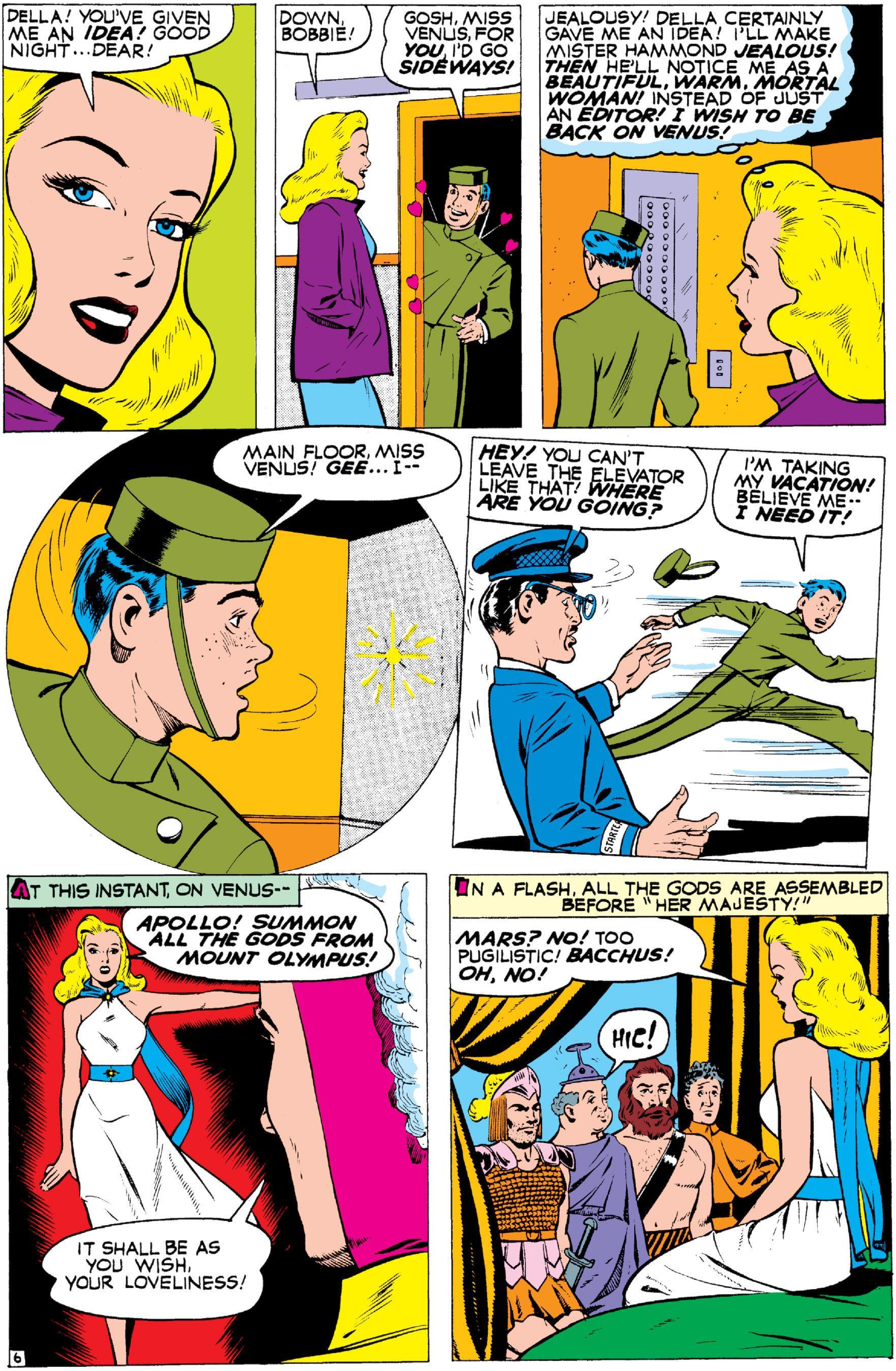
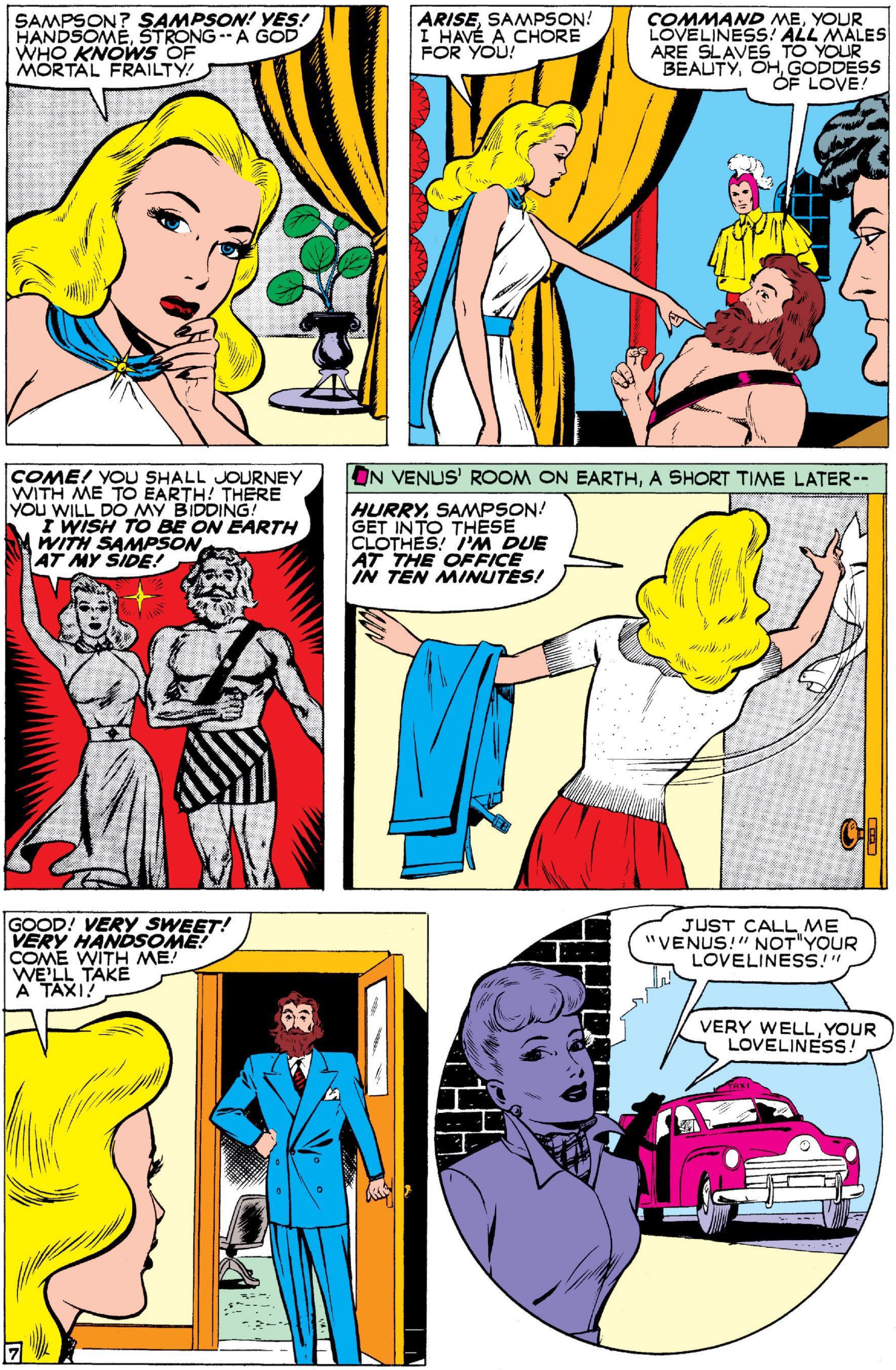

AFTER WHITNEY HAMMOND, OWNER OF BEAUTY MAGAZINE, BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS FAVORITE EDITOR, VENUS MAKES A WISH...
CAB, MISS?
WOO! WOO! WHAT A DOLL!
TAXI
I WISH TO BE BACK ON THE PLANET VENUS!
I WISH...
HEY! WHAT TH...
TAXI
CURB YOUR DOG
SHE-- SHE'S GONE! I COULD HAVE SWORN I-- THE DOCTOR TOLD ME TO TAKE VITAMINS AND--AND--YOU KNOW SOMETHING? I THINK I'M SICK! I'M GOIN' HOME!
MEANWHILE VENUS, HAVING TAKEN LEAVE OF EARTH, FLOATS THROUGH EONS OF LIGHT YEARS-- TIME AND SPACE-- BACK TO THE PLANET VENUS, HER HOME, WHERE SHE IS KNOWN AS...
VENUS! GODDESS OF LOVE AND BEAUTY! ALL HAIL! WELCOME BACK TO THE CASTLE OF THE GODS!
LEAVE ME, APOLLO, I MUST REST!
SO BEGINS VENUS' VACATION-- NO LONGER AS A MORTAL EARTHLING, BUT AS THE GODDESS RULER OF ALL SHE SURVEYS!
AH! IT IS SO PEACEFUL HERE-- TOO PEACEFUL! SOMEHOW I MISS THE EARTHLY RACKET OF THE CITY-- TRAFFIC AND NOISE!

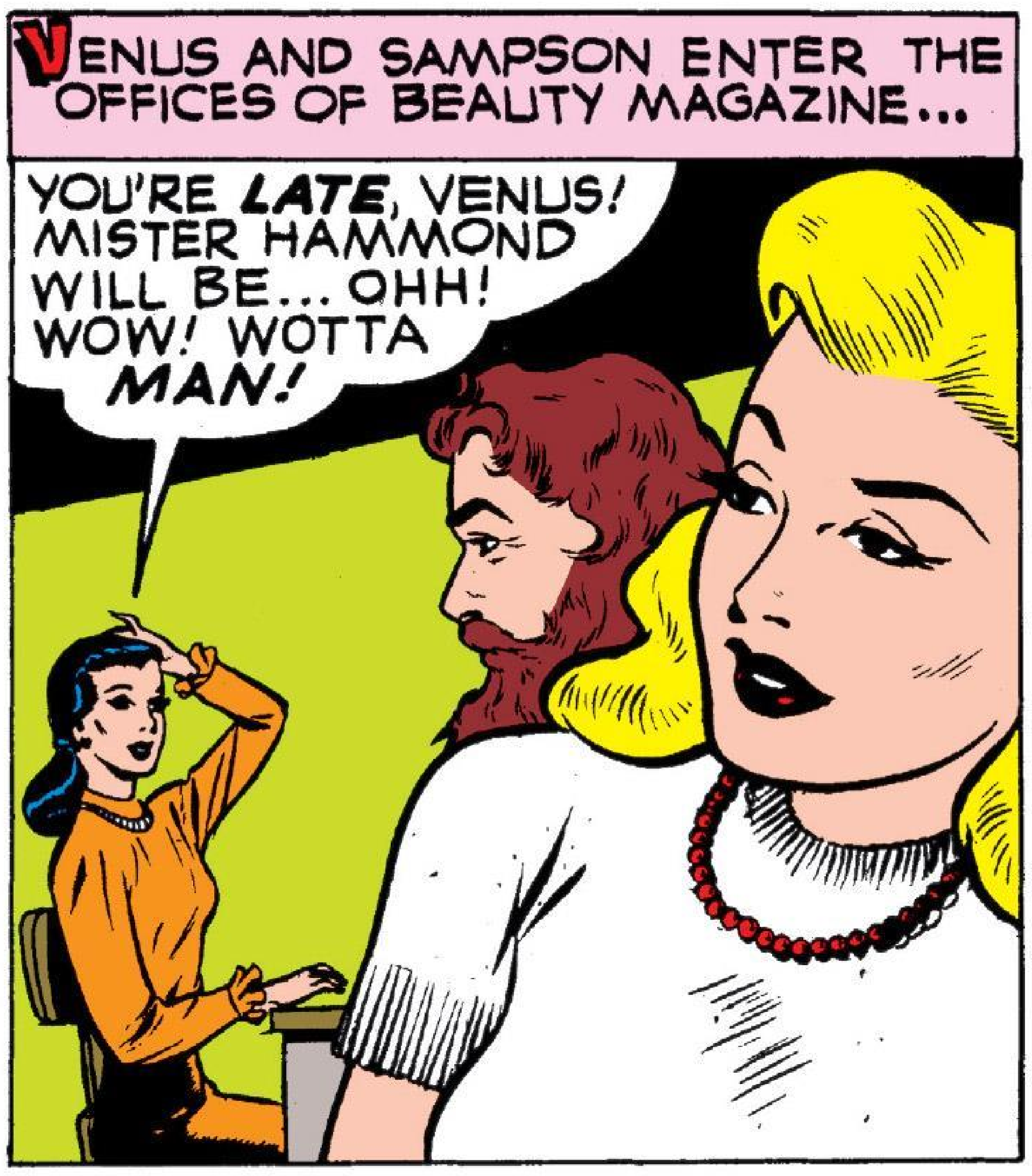

DAY FOLLOWS DAY AS WE MEASURE TIME HERE ON EARTH-- AND VENUS, HER SLIGHTEST WISH A COMMAND, RESTS AND RESTS AND RESTS...
ALL I DO IS REST! HOW BORING IT'S BECOME! APOLLO! COME!
WHAT IS YOUR WISH, MOST BEAUTIFUL ONE?
SUMMON MY MUSICIANS! LET US HAVE MUSIC!
PLAY, MUSICIANS! PLAY!
AYE, MISTRESS! WE PLAY!
AH, THE MUSIC HAS A LOVELY RHYTHM!
WHEN YOU RETURN, WE'LL CELEBRATE AT THE CRANE CLUB!
COME, APOLLO! DANCE WITH ME!
HOW CAN I, YOUR LOVELINESS? YOU KNOW IT IS FORBIDDEN-- YOU ARE THE SUPREME ONE-- THE GODDESS!
THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG! I'M TIRED OF BEING A GODDESS! I WANT TO BE A MORTAL AGAIN-- AND DANCE WITH MR. HAMMOND AND EDIT BEAUTY MAGAZINE-- AND--AND-- PLEASE-- ALL OF YOU-- GO!

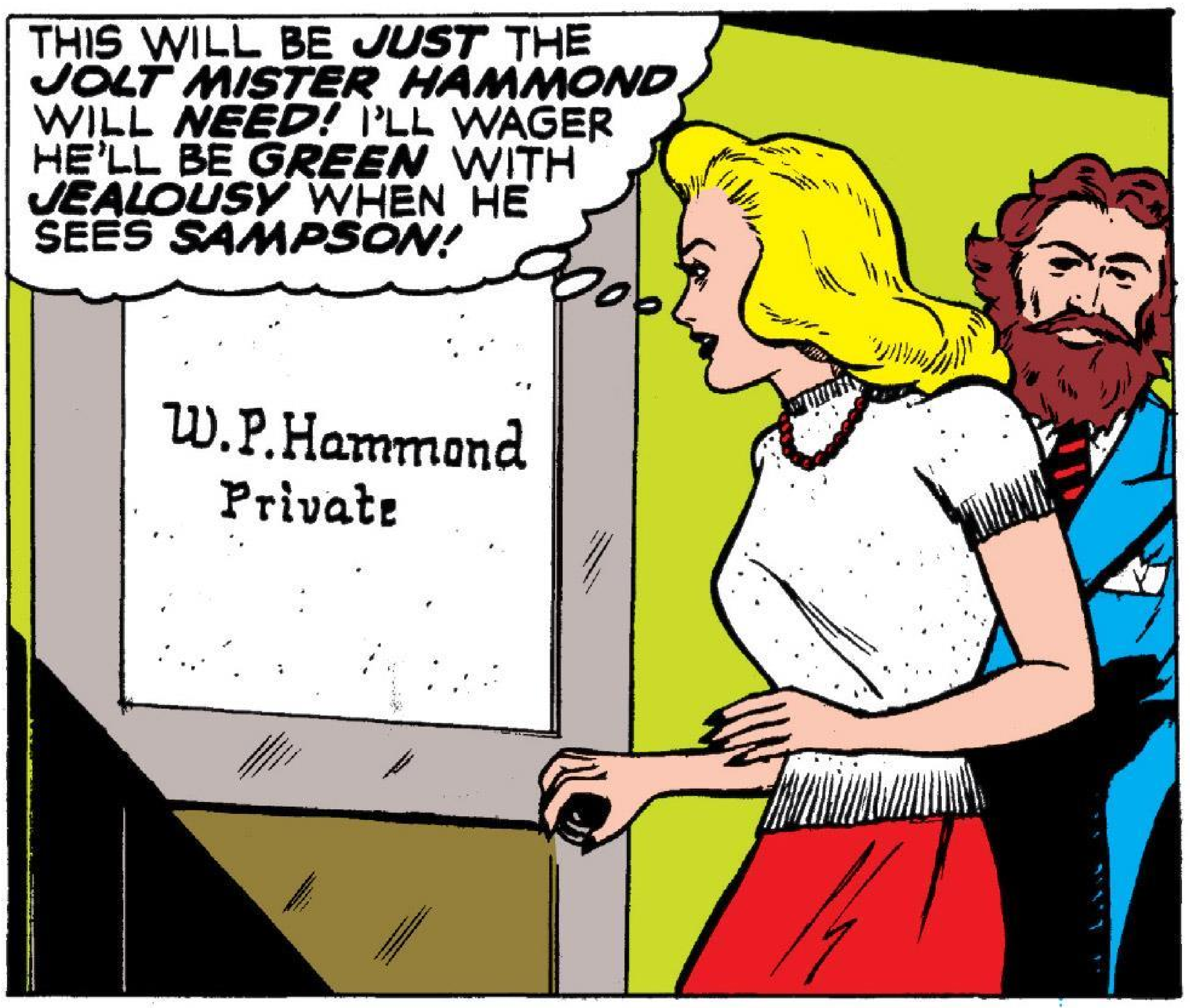

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM! I WISH TO GO BACK TO EARTH--I WISH TO BE A MORTAL AGAIN!
MILLIONS OF MILES PASS INTO NOTHINGNESS, PLANETS WHIRL IN THEIR ORBITS, AS VENUS FLOATS LIKE A LOVELY COMET BACK TO EARTH!
MEANWHILE, ON EARTH, IN THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF BEAUTY MAGAZINE...
DELLA, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THE WORK DONE UNTIL VENUS RETURNS!
VENUS! THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, MR. HAMMOND! IT'S ALL BECAUSE VENUS--
DID SOMEONE CALL ME?
VENUS! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
OH! MISTER HAMMOND!
LOOK AT THE MESS THIS PLACE IS IN!
WELL, WE'LL GET IT STRAIGHTENED OUT, I'M SURE!

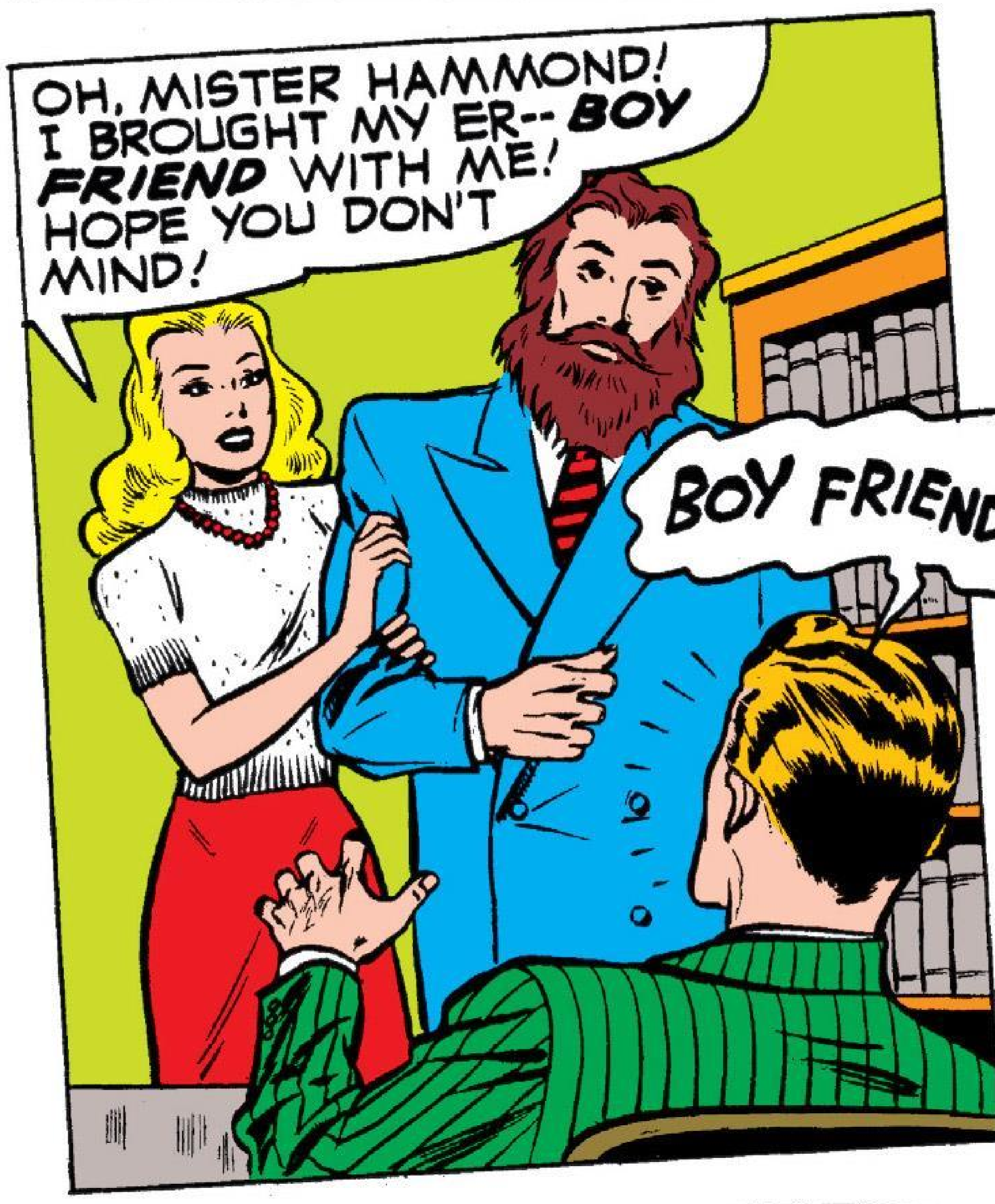

LOOK! DELLA SUBBED FOR YOU WHILE YOU WERE ON VACATION! EVERYTHING'S A MESS AND THE NEXT ISSUE IS ABOUT DUE! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK ALL NIGHT!
BUT, MISTER HAMMOND, YOU SAID THAT WHEN I RETURNED, WE'D GO TO THE CRANE CLUB AND...
NO TIME FOR THAT, VENUS! REMEMBER, I ALWAYS SAID, "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!"
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. HAMMOND! SOME PEOPLE THINK OF NOTHING BUT PLEASURE! NOW I ...
THAT WILL DO NOW, DELLA! TYPE UP THOSE LETTERS I GAVE YOU!
NOW HERE'S A MANUSCRIPT! CRAZY STUFF--ABOUT A GIRL WHO COMES FROM ANOTHER PLANET...
HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE ME AS A WOMAN! ONLY AS AN EDITOR! BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE-- HMPH!
LATE THAT NIGHT...
I CAN'T EVEN SEE ANY MORE! LET'S CALL IT A NIGHT! SEE YOU TOMORROW, VENUS!
GOOD NIGHT, MR. HAMMOND!
YOU MAY GO HOME NOW, DELLA--
GOOD NIGHT, (YAWN!) MR. HAMMOND!
YOU DIDN'T DO SO WELL WITH MR. HAMMOND, DID YOU, VENUS? MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET YOURSELF A BOY FRIEND!
BOY FRIEND?

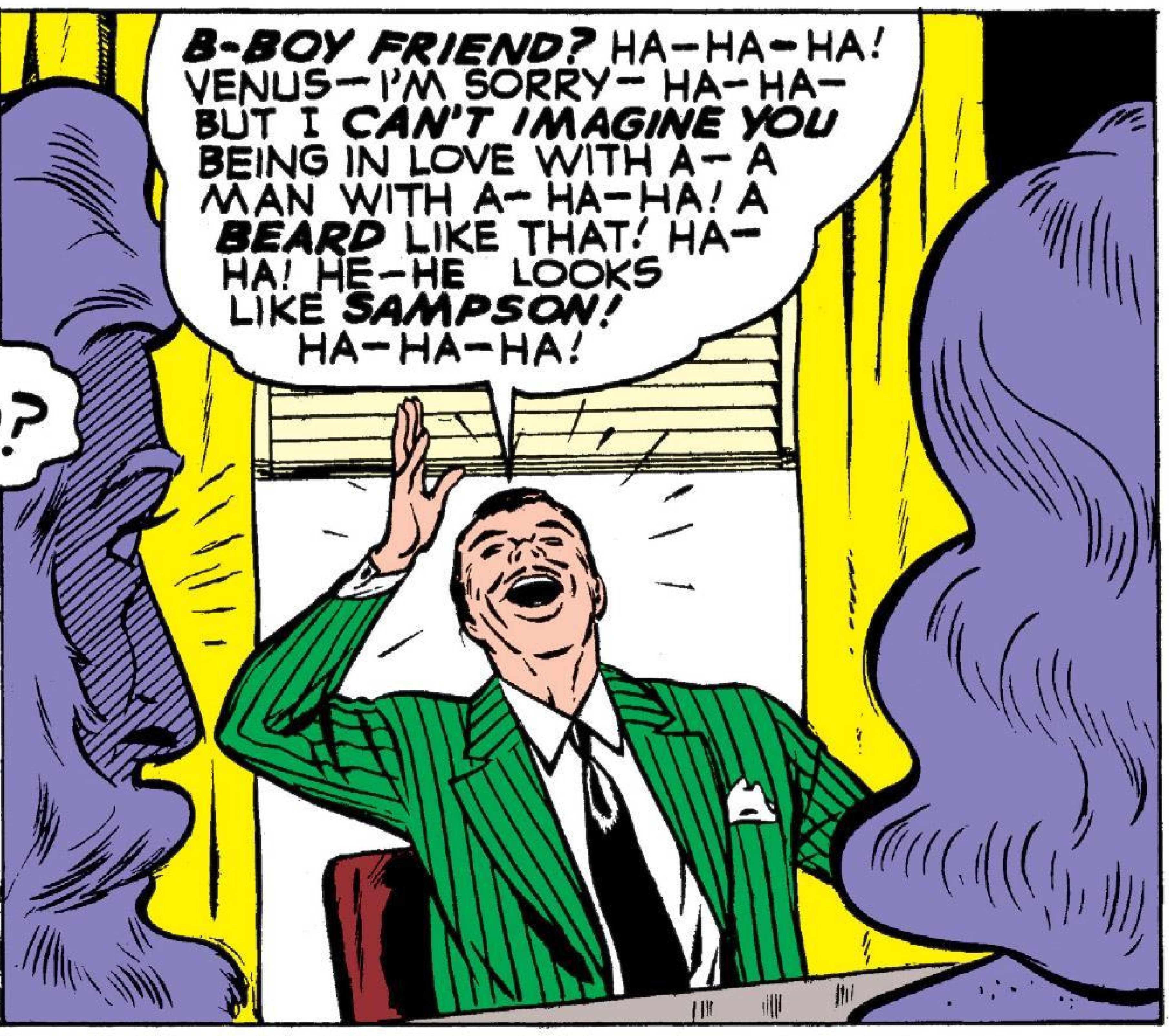

DELLA! YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN *IDEA!* GOOD NIGHT...DEAR!
DOWN, BOBBIE!
GOSH, MISS VENUS, FOR *YOU,* I'D GO *SIDEWAYS!*
JEALOUSY! DELLA CERTAINLY GAVE ME AN IDEA! I'LL MAKE MISTER HAMMOND *JEALOUS! THEN* HE'LL NOTICE ME AS A *BEAUTIFUL, WARM, MORTAL WOMAN!* INSTEAD OF JUST AN *EDITOR! I WISH TO BE BACK ON VENUS!*
MAIN FLOOR, MISS VENUS! *GEE*... I--
HEY! YOU CAN'T LEAVE THE ELEVATOR LIKE THAT! *WHERE ARE YOU GOING?*
I'M TAKING MY *VACATION!* BELIEVE ME-- *I NEED IT!*
STARTER
AT THIS INSTANT, ON VENUS--
APOLLO! SUMMON ALL THE GODS FROM MOUNT OLYMPUS!
IT SHALL BE AS YOU WISH, YOUR LOVELINESS!
IN A FLASH, ALL THE GODS ARE ASSEMBLED BEFORE "HER MAJESTY!"
MARS? NO! TOO PUGILISTIC! *BACCHUS! OH, NO!*
HIC!

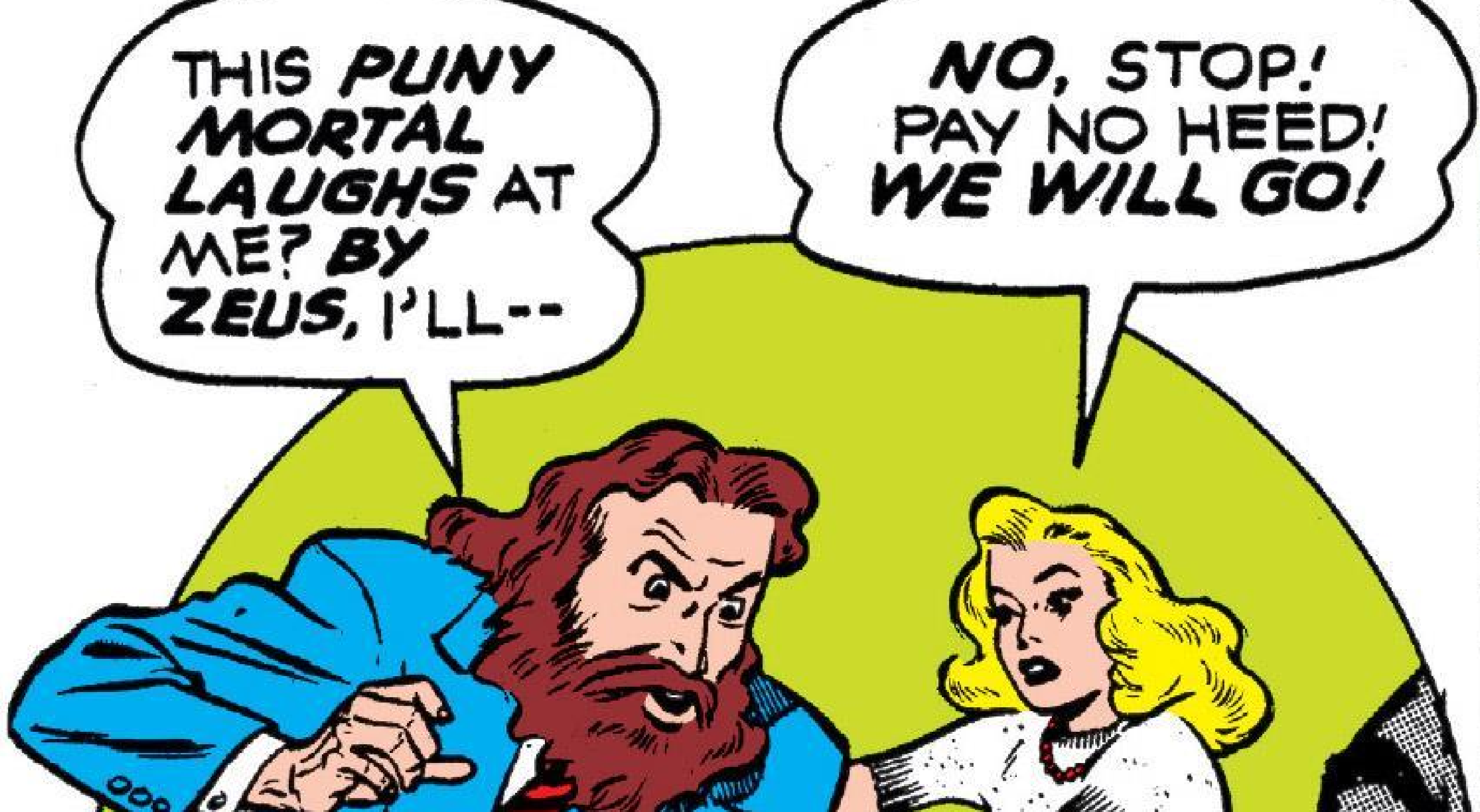

SAMPSON? **SAMPSON! YES!** HANDSOME, STRONG-- A GOD WHO ***KNOWS*** OF MORTAL FRAILTY!
ARISE, SAMPSON! I HAVE A CHORE FOR YOU!
COMMAND ME, YOUR LOVELINESS! ***ALL*** MALES ARE SLAVES TO YOUR BEAUTY, OH, GODDESS OF LOVE!
COME! YOU SHALL JOURNEY WITH ME TO EARTH! THERE YOU WILL DO MY BIDDING! ***I WISH TO BE ON EARTH WITH SAMPSON AT MY SIDE!***
IN VENUS' ROOM ON EARTH, A SHORT TIME LATER--
HURRY, SAMPSON! GET INTO THESE CLOTHES! ***I'M DUE AT THE OFFICE IN TEN MINUTES!***
GOOD! ***VERY SWEET! VERY HANDSOME!*** COME WITH ME! WE'LL TAKE A TAXI!
JUST CALL ME "VENUS!" NOT "YOUR LOVELINESS!"
VERY WELL, YOUR LOVELINESS!
TAXI

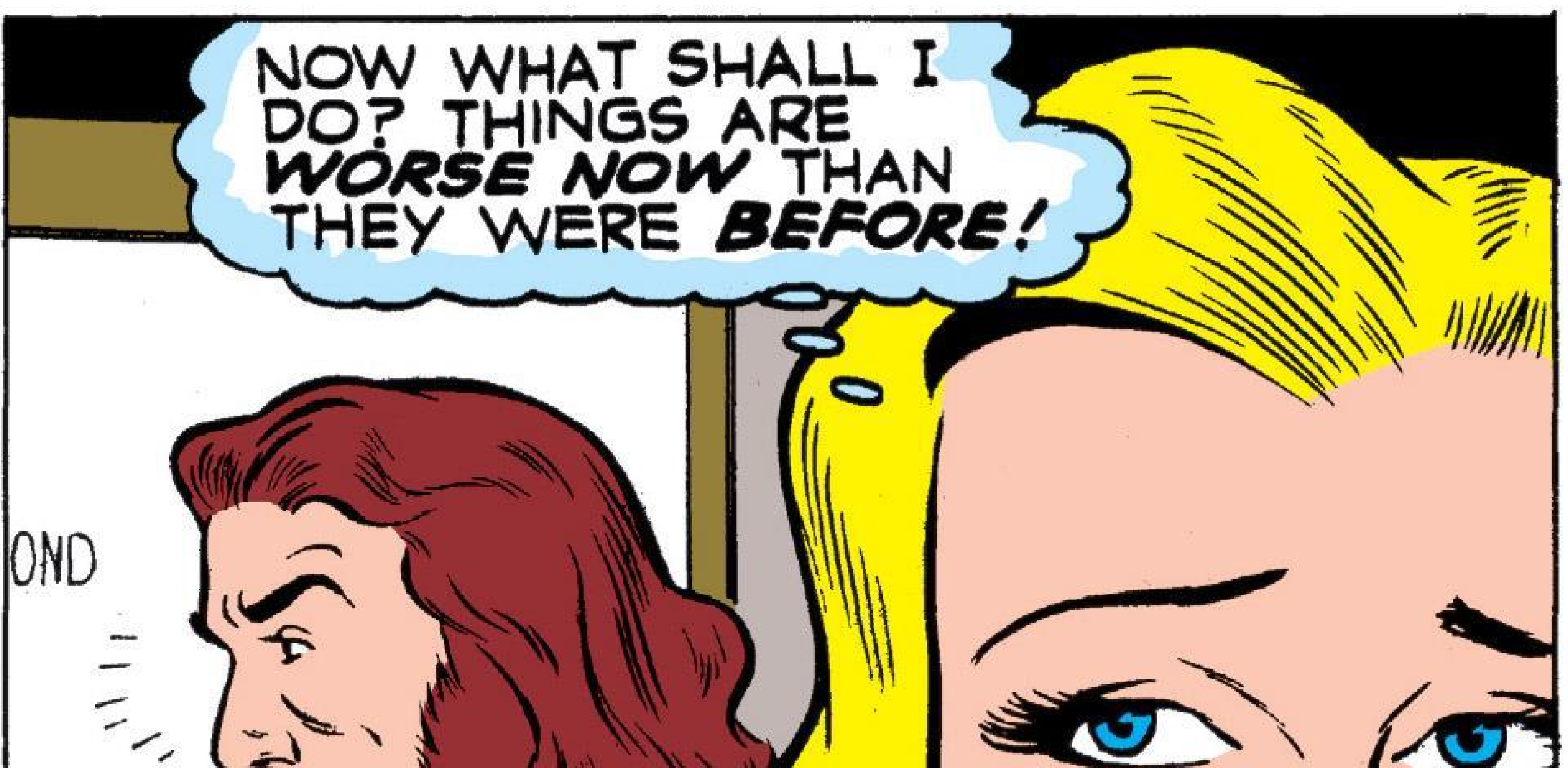

VENUS AND SAMPSON ENTER THE OFFICES OF BEAUTY MAGAZINE...
YOU'RE **LATE**, VENUS! MISTER HAMMOND WILL BE... OHH! WOW! WOTTA **MAN!**

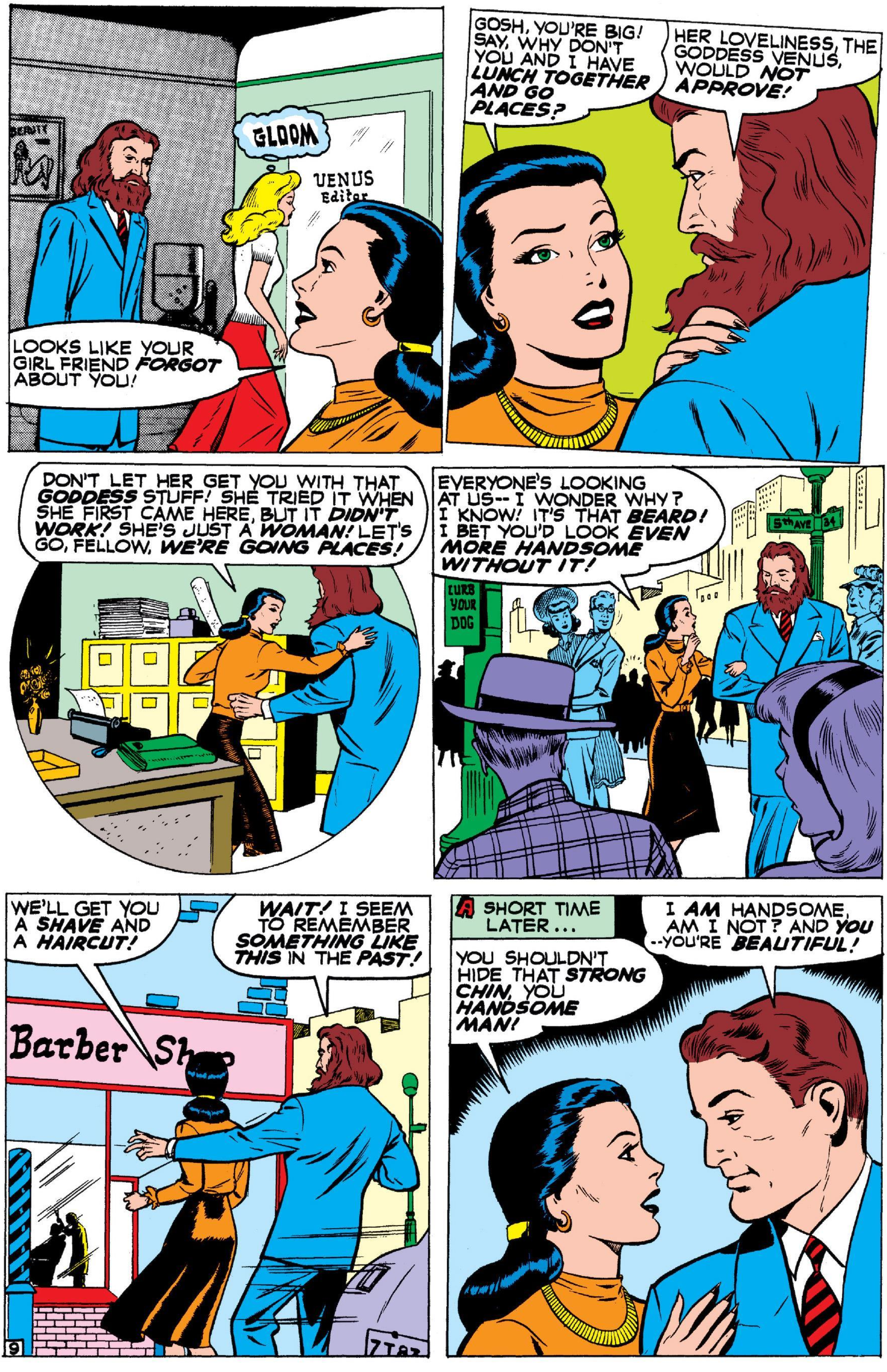

THIS WILL BE **JUST** THE **JOLT MISTER HAMMOND** WILL **NEED!** I'LL WAGER HE'LL BE **GREEN** WITH **JEALOUSY** WHEN HE SEES **SAMPSON!**
W. P. Hammond
Private

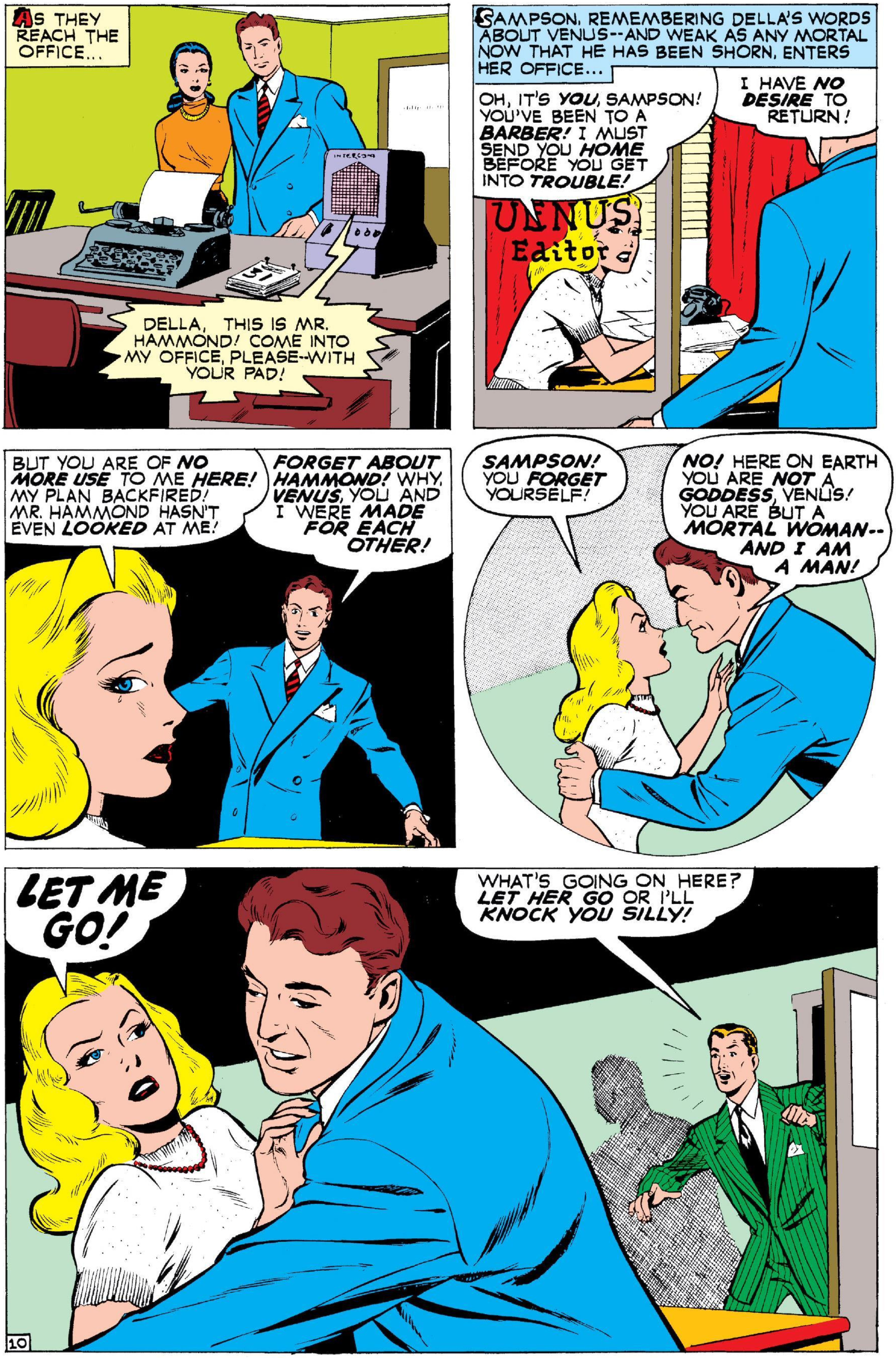

OH, MISTER HAMMOND! I BROUGHT MY ER-- **BOY FRIEND** WITH ME! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!
BOY FRIEND?

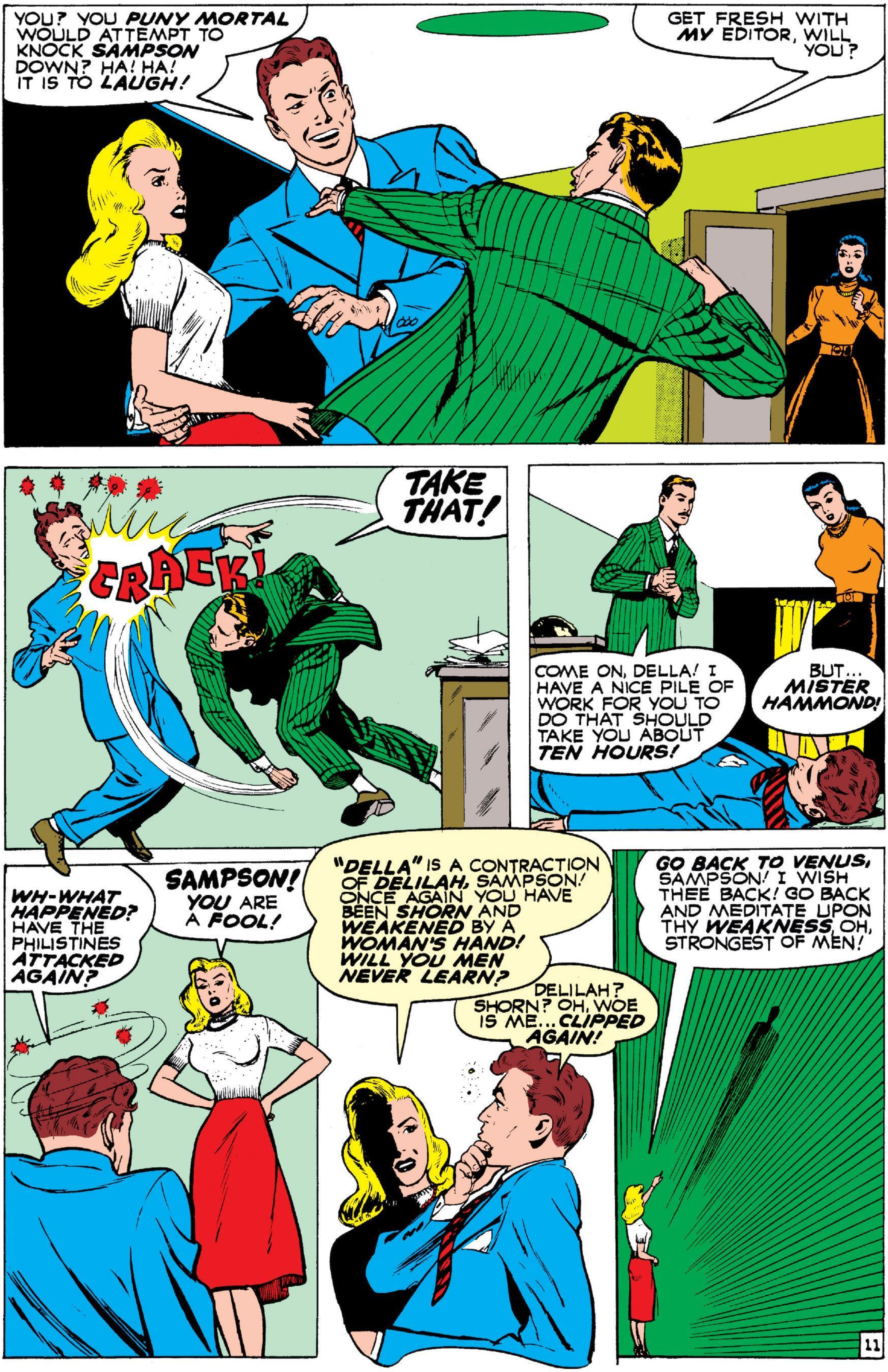

B-BOY FRIEND? HA-HA-HA! VENUS--I'M SORRY--HA-HA--BUT I **CAN'T IMAGINE YOU** BEING IN LOVE WITH A--A MAN WITH A--HA-HA! A **BEARD** LIKE THAT! HA-HA! HE-HE LOOKS LIKE **SAMPSON!** HA-HA-HA!

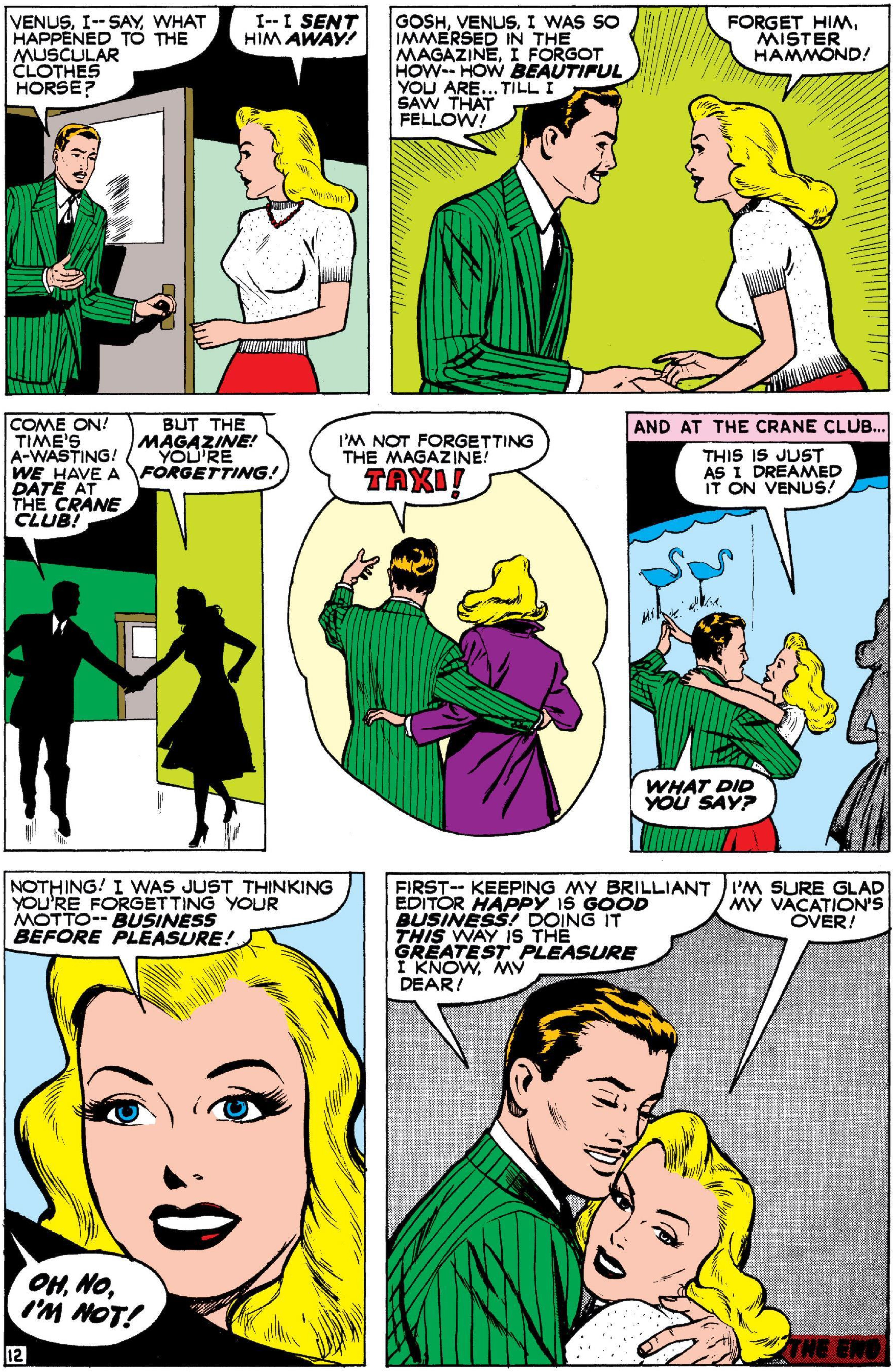

THIS **PUNY MORTAL LAUGHS** AT ME? **BY ZEUS**, I'LL--
NO, STOP! PAY NO HEED! **WE WILL GO!**

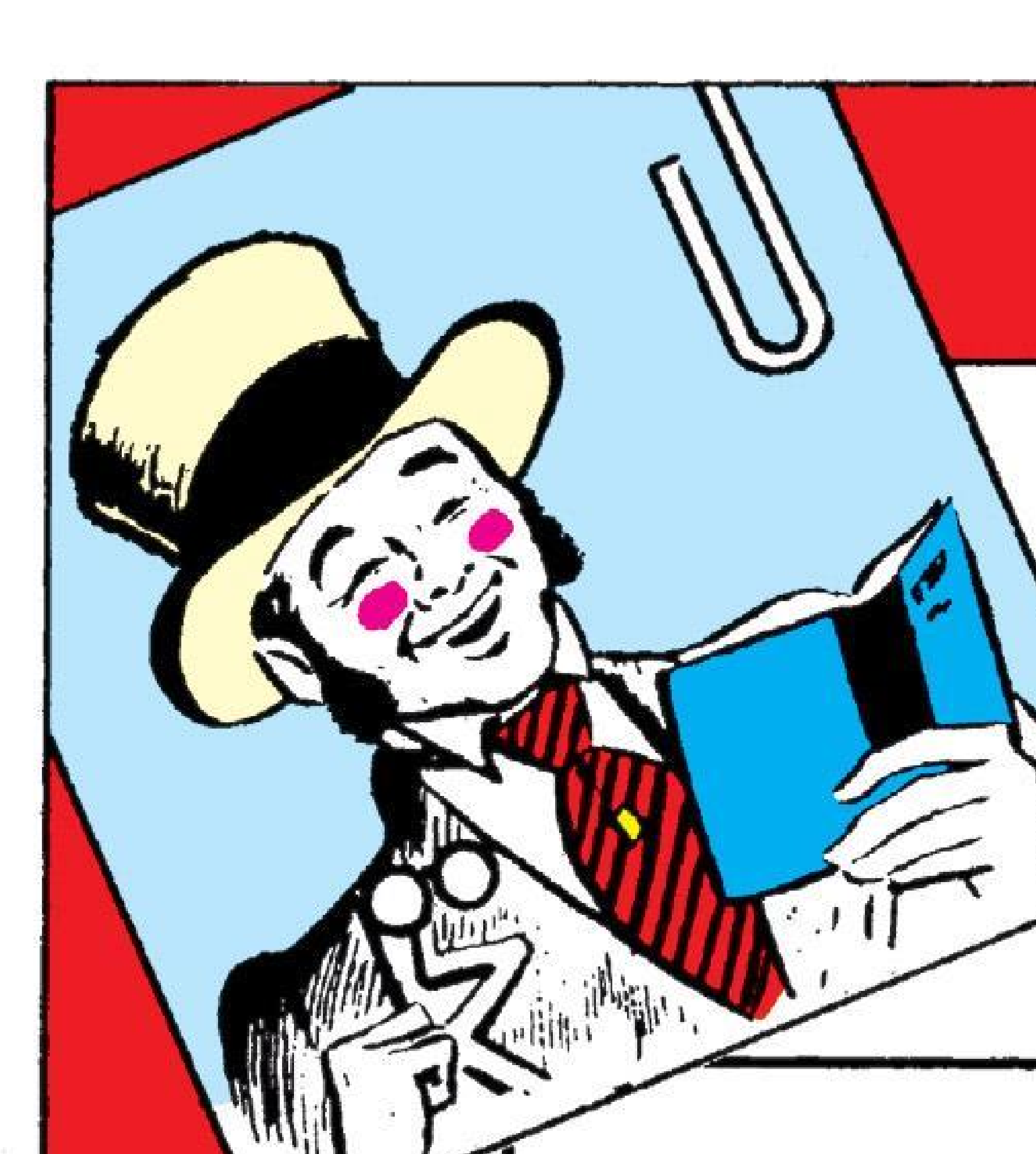

NOW WHAT SHALL I DO? THINGS ARE **WORSE NOW** THAN THEY WERE **BEFORE!**
OND


GLOOM
VENUS Editor
BEAUTY
LOOKS LIKE YOUR GIRL FRIEND *FORGOT* ABOUT YOU!
GOSH, YOU'RE BIG! SAY, WHY DON'T YOU AND I HAVE *LUNCH TOGETHER AND GO PLACES?*
HER LOVELINESS, THE GODDESS VENUS, WOULD *NOT APPROVE!*
DON'T LET HER GET YOU WITH THAT *GODDESS* STUFF! SHE TRIED IT WHEN SHE FIRST CAME HERE, BUT IT *DIDN'T WORK!* SHE'S JUST A *WOMAN!* LET'S GO, FELLOW, *WE'RE GOING PLACES!*
EVERYONE'S LOOKING AT US-- I WONDER WHY? I KNOW! IT'S THAT *BEARD!* I BET YOU'D LOOK *EVEN MORE HANDSOME WITHOUT IT!*
5th AVE 34
CURB YOUR DOG
WE'LL GET YOU A *SHAVE* AND A *HAIRCUT!*
WAIT! I SEEM TO REMEMBER *SOMETHING LIKE THIS* IN THE *PAST!*
Barber Sh
9
7T87
A SHORT TIME LATER...
YOU SHOULDN'T HIDE THAT *STRONG CHIN,* YOU *HANDSOME MAN!*
I *AM* HANDSOME, AM I NOT? AND *YOU* --YOU'RE *BEAUTIFUL!*


AS THEY REACH THE OFFICE...
INTERCOM
31
DELLA, THIS IS MR. HAMMOND! COME INTO MY OFFICE, PLEASE--WITH YOUR PAD!
SAMPSON, REMEMBERING DELLA'S WORDS ABOUT VENUS--AND WEAK AS ANY MORTAL NOW THAT HE HAS BEEN SHORN, ENTERS HER OFFICE...
OH, IT'S **YOU**, SAMPSON! YOU'VE BEEN TO A **BARBER!** I MUST SEND YOU **HOME** BEFORE YOU GET INTO **TROUBLE!**
VENUS Editor
I HAVE **NO DESIRE** TO RETURN!
BUT YOU ARE OF **NO MORE USE** TO ME **HERE!** MY PLAN BACKFIRED! MR. HAMMOND HASN'T EVEN **LOOKED** AT ME!
FORGET ABOUT HAMMOND! WHY, **VENUS**, YOU AND I WERE **MADE FOR EACH OTHER!**
SAMPSON! YOU **FORGET** YOURSELF!
NO! HERE ON EARTH YOU ARE **NOT** A **GODDESS**, VENUS! YOU ARE BUT A **MORTAL WOMAN-- AND I AM A MAN!**
LET ME GO!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? **LET HER GO** OR I'LL **KNOCK YOU SILLY!**


YOU? YOU **PUNY MORTAL** WOULD ATTEMPT TO KNOCK **SAMPSON** DOWN? HA! HA! IT IS TO **LAUGH!**
GET FRESH WITH **MY** EDITOR, WILL YOU?
TAKE THAT!
CRACK!
COME ON, DELLA! I HAVE A NICE PILE OF WORK FOR YOU TO DO THAT SHOULD TAKE YOU ABOUT **TEN HOURS!**
BUT... **MISTER HAMMOND!**
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? HAVE THE PHILISTINES **ATTACKED AGAIN?**
SAMPSON! YOU ARE A **FOOL!**
"DELLA" IS A CONTRACTION OF **DELILAH,** SAMPSON! ONCE AGAIN YOU HAVE BEEN **SHORN** AND **WEAKENED** BY A **WOMAN'S HAND! WILL YOU MEN NEVER LEARN?**
DELILAH? SHORN? OH, WOE IS ME... **CLIPPED AGAIN!**
GO BACK TO VENUS, SAMPSON! I WISH THEE BACK! GO BACK AND MEDITATE UPON THY **WEAKNESS**, OH, STRONGEST OF MEN!


VENUS, I-- SAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MUSCULAR CLOTHES HORSE?
I-- I **SENT** HIM **AWAY!**
GOSH, VENUS, I WAS SO IMMERSED IN THE MAGAZINE, I FORGOT HOW-- HOW **BEAUTIFUL** YOU ARE... TILL I SAW THAT FELLOW!
FORGET HIM, MISTER HAMMOND!
COME ON! TIME'S A-WASTING! **WE** HAVE A **DATE** AT THE **CRANE CLUB!**
BUT THE **MAGAZINE!** YOU'RE **FORGETTING!**
I'M NOT FORGETTING THE MAGAZINE! **TAXI!**
AND AT THE CRANE CLUB...
THIS IS JUST AS I DREAMED IT ON VENUS!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
NOTHING! I WAS JUST THINKING YOU'RE FORGETTING YOUR MOTTO-- **BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!**
OH, NO, I'M NOT!
FIRST-- KEEPING MY BRILLIANT EDITOR **HAPPY** IS **GOOD BUSINESS!** DOING IT **THIS** WAY IS THE **GREATEST PLEASURE** I KNOW, MY DEAR!
I'M SURE GLAD MY VACATION'S OVER!
THE END



MARVEL
COMIC GROUP

a letter to our readers and their PARENTS!

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Dafoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to *read what they wanted to read*. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter..

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

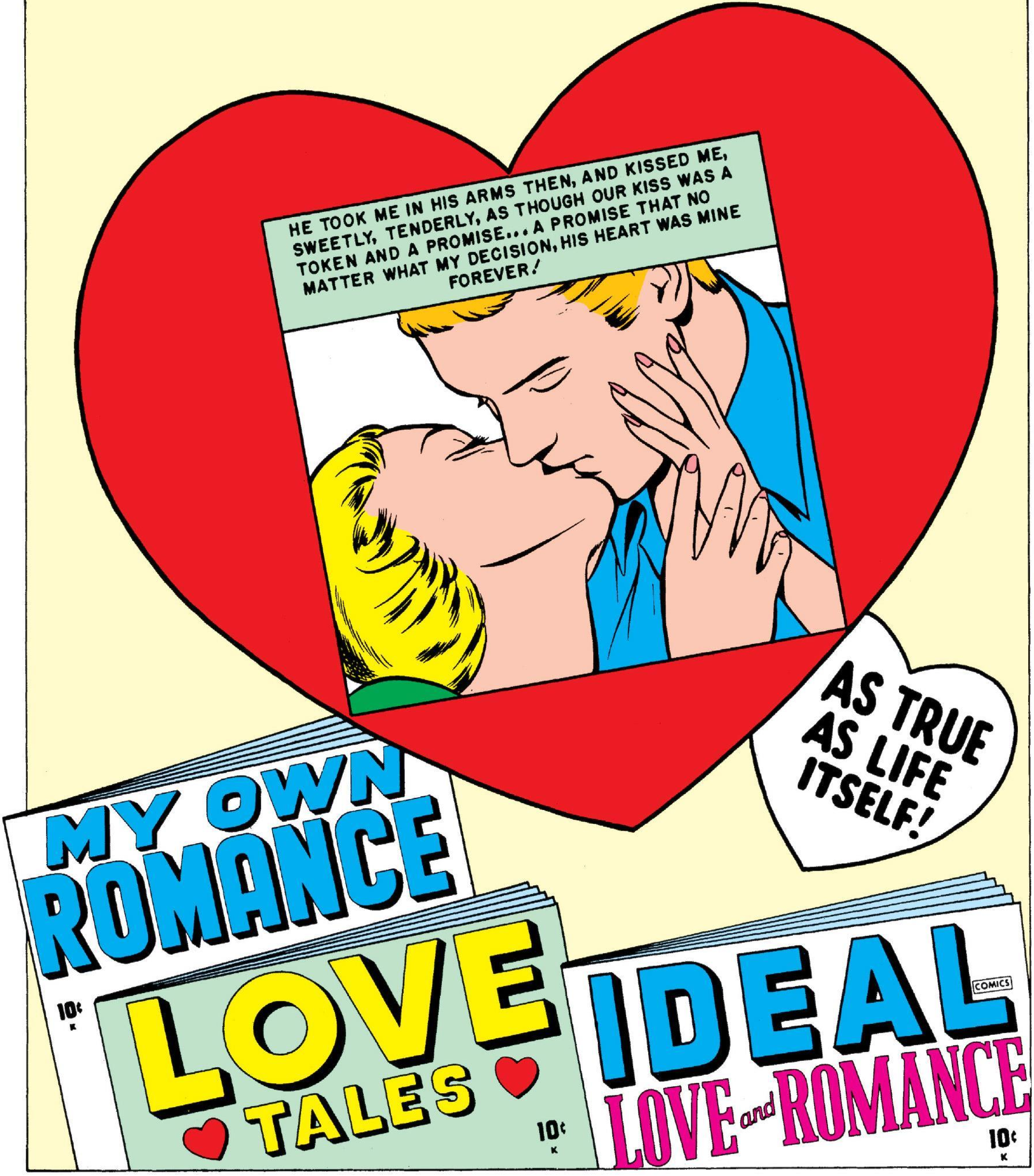
RED UNIT

ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DeVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMICS
KID COLT
LANA
MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MISS
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR

"THE GREATEST ROMANCE TALES EVER TOLD!"


HE TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS THEN, AND KISSED ME, SWEETLY, TENDERLY, AS THOUGH OUR KISS WAS A TOKEN AND A PROMISE... A PROMISE THAT NO MATTER WHAT MY DECISION, HIS HEART WAS MINE FOREVER!
AS TRUE AS LIFE ITSELF!
MY OWN ROMANCE
10¢
LOVE TALES
10¢
IDEAL
COMICS
LOVE and ROMANCE
10¢

OUT OF THIS WORLD

LLOYD didn't know what to do with himself. It was Friday night. Everyone was busy and even Sylvia depressed him with the answer that she had to bake pies for her mother's company. He felt blue and about as dreary as the scene out of his window. A fall wind blew the leaves around the lawn. It meant the end of summer, no more swimming at the beaches, no more tennis, no more green stuff to see from his window. The trees were bare of leaves and they just sort of piled up there waiting to be raked.

"Gosh, that's it!" he told himself. "I'll surprise Mother and Dad and rake the leaves tonight."

He hurried out the back door, grabbing the rake on the way. The family wouldn't be home until ten at least. He'd have the lawn spic and span by then and the leaves burned to a pile of ashes.

Lloyd started and before long he felt sorry again that summer was over. The bare branches looked like claws waving above his head. He finished raking in an hour and the heap at the curb meant the last of summer again. Then an idea came to him. No one had ever thought of it before! He'd tie a bunch of leaves back on a branch right before his window and keep summer a few days longer.

He hurried to the house for black thread and a tall ladder. He was excited now. This was going to be fun. He'd compete with Mother Nature tonight.

He propped the ladder against a big tree near his window and hurried back to the pile of leaves he had raked. He selected the greenest he could find, the ones that weren't crisp and likely to crumble. When he had a pocketful he climbed up the ladder.

After a half hour of tying leaves onto a branch, he climbed down to admire his handiwork. "It looks wonderful," he told himself. "Better than it looked this summer." He had leaves of all shapes and sizes tied on a black branch. It drooped down a little with the weight of the new leaves.

Lloyd pushed the big pile of dead leaves into a mound and set it afire. He sat at a safe distance and watched it. Every few seconds he glanced back at the lone branch still heavy with green leaves. "Not bad," he muttered. "Not bad for an amateur."

Just as he was relaxing against the front steps and hoping Mother and Dad would return with a quart of ice cream, he heard tiny footsteps hurrying down the street. He looked up through the smoke and saw Sylvia.

"Hi," he greeted her. "How are the pies?"

"They were wonderful. I brought you a piece." She sat down beside him. Lloyd was so happy talking to Sylvia and eating the pie that he forgot about his handiwork on the tree. When Sylvia looked past him and started shouting he didn't know what she was talking about.

"Look, Lloyd! It's a miracle! It's out of this world!"

"Wh-what? Oh, sure the pie is out of this world all right. It's perfect." He took another bite.

Sylvia continued to shout. "I don't mean the pie. It's that branch up there full of green leaves. Look!" she was pointing now.

"Oohhhh," Lloyd groaned. Now how was he going to explain to Sylvia that he had done it, that he had been sentimental about summer leaving and that he wanted to keep it before his window for a few more days. She'd think he was some kind of sissy. "Oh that?" he said again. "That's nothing. They'll blow off by morning and

I'll have to rake again. Wanna bite?" he asked as he pushed the pie under her nose.

"No, Lloyd," she kept on yelling. "That maple tree has oak leaves on it. It's simply out of this world." She got up to get a better look.

Lloyd groaned again. He'd never thought of matching leaves to a tree. He'd just picked up any old leaf that looked green. He swallowed his last bit of pie and joined the open-mouthed Sylvia. She was saying, "I'm going to the newspaper office early in the morning. They'll come and take pictures and you'll make the headlines." She turned to him. "You don't know it but you've got a miracle right on your front lawn."

"Now, Sylvia," he started, "don't do something foolish. Maybe those leaves belong up there. Sometimes they grow in funny shapes. You'd be surprised. Let's talk this thing over before you get the reporters here with cameras and stuff."

"Lloyd, I know what I'm talking about. Never in my whole life have I seen oak leaves growing on a maple tree. This is for the papers. I've gotta go now. See you in the morning. You're news, Lloyd, real news!"

Lloyd watched her tripping happily down the street. He knew something would have to be done fast! It had been fun tying leaves on a branch but now it was dark and not so much fun to climb up there and pull them off. He started up the ladder.

Just as he reached for the branch he heard his mother calling, "Lloyd, what in the world are you doing up there?"

"Who—me?" he asked and stared down at her. "N-nothing." As he headed down again he hoped she wouldn't notice the leaves. He decided to come out later when the family was in bed.

Lloyd waited until the house was quiet and the family asleep. Then he tiptoed downstairs in his pajamas. In two seconds flat he'd have that branch stripped of its leaves. The door creaked when he opened it. He crossed the dewy lawn and headed towards the ladder. "The trouble with Sylvia is she's too smart! If she hadn't noticed that I put the wrong leaves up there—everything would be all right. They'd blow off in a few days and no one but me would have noticed the difference." He put his right foot on the lower rung. It was like a piece of ice. The wind howled around him. Lloyd shivered as he pulled himself up to the top of the ladder.

"Hey, what are you doing up there?" he heard a gruff voice calling.

"Picking violets," Lloyd answered angrily then looked down. The blue silhouette of a cop came to view. "I—I mean—I. . . ." He hurried down the ladder and faced the cop. "I live here, sir, and I thought I heard an owl."

"That's a likely story. If you live here, let me see you get in the house fast!" He swung his night stick.

Lloyd scampered across the lawn, entered the house and slammed the door. "Golly," he groaned, "this would happen to me;" He fumbled his way up to bed and dreamed of what was going to happen tomorrow.

He meant to get up early, before the family moved around and before Sylvia barged down the street with reporters. When he opened his eyes he saw the sun was well above the horizon. "Gosh," he shouted as he bounded out of bed and into his clothes.

He ran across the lawn towards the maple tree. He saw a ladder propped against the trunk and a shower of leaves falling to the lawn.

Sylvia was on the top rung shaking the branch vigorously. Lloyd wanted to turn and run but she spotted him and shouted. Lloyd waited. She came down and her eyes were searching.

"I came early just to make sure about that branch. Do you know someone actuallly tied those leaves up there?"

"Yes, I know," he answered guiltily. "I did it." He hated to admit it because Sylvia would certainly think he was childish or poetic or something.

"You did? Oh, Lloyd, you're wonderful! You're simply out of this world. No one would ever think of it but you."

"Really?" Lloyd looked up surprised. "Well, if I'm out of this world so are you. How about joining forces today and taking in a movie?"

"I'd love it, Lloyd, simply love it!" Her eyes sparkled with stars. Lloyd swore they were out of this world.

THE END

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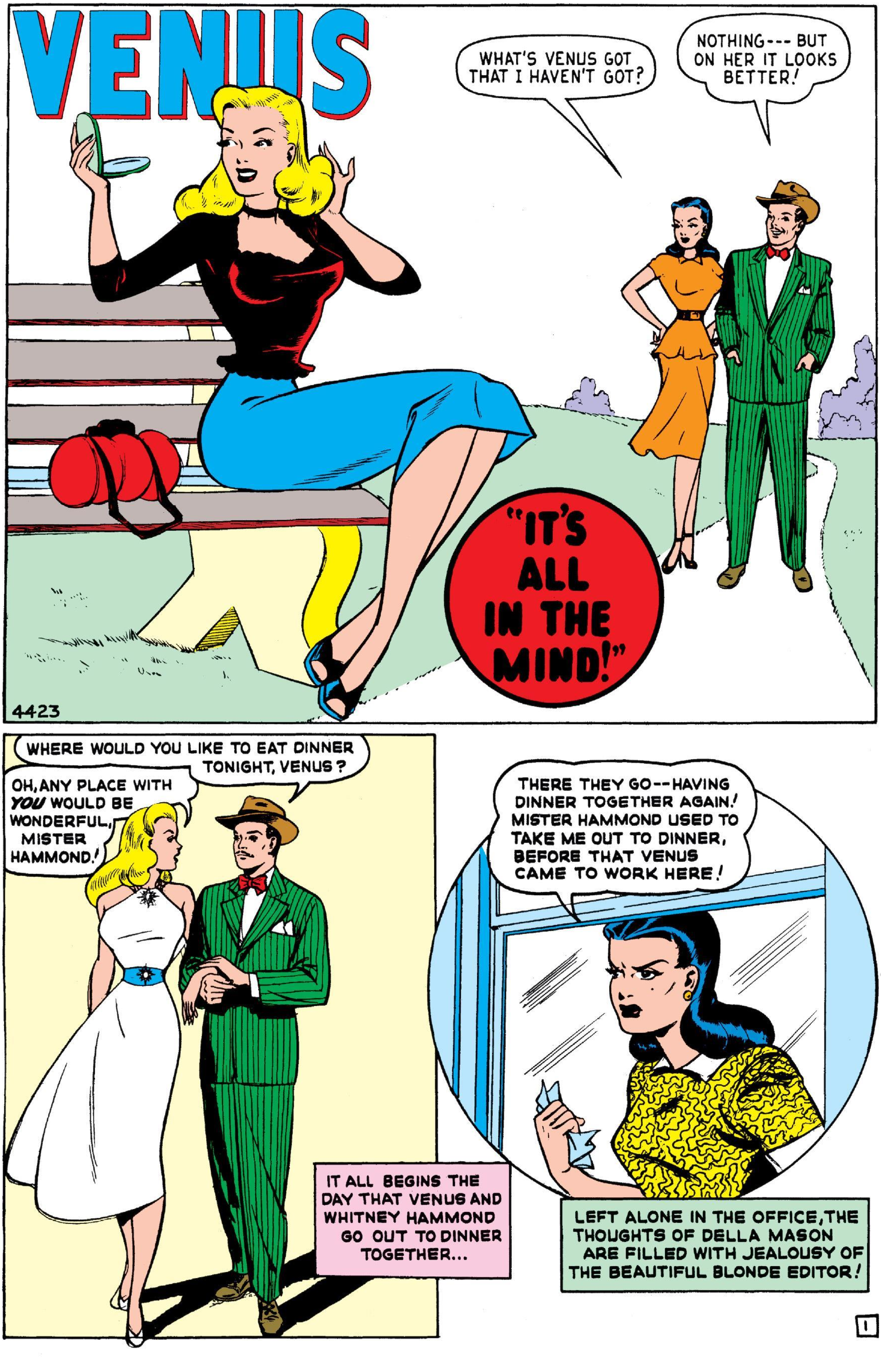
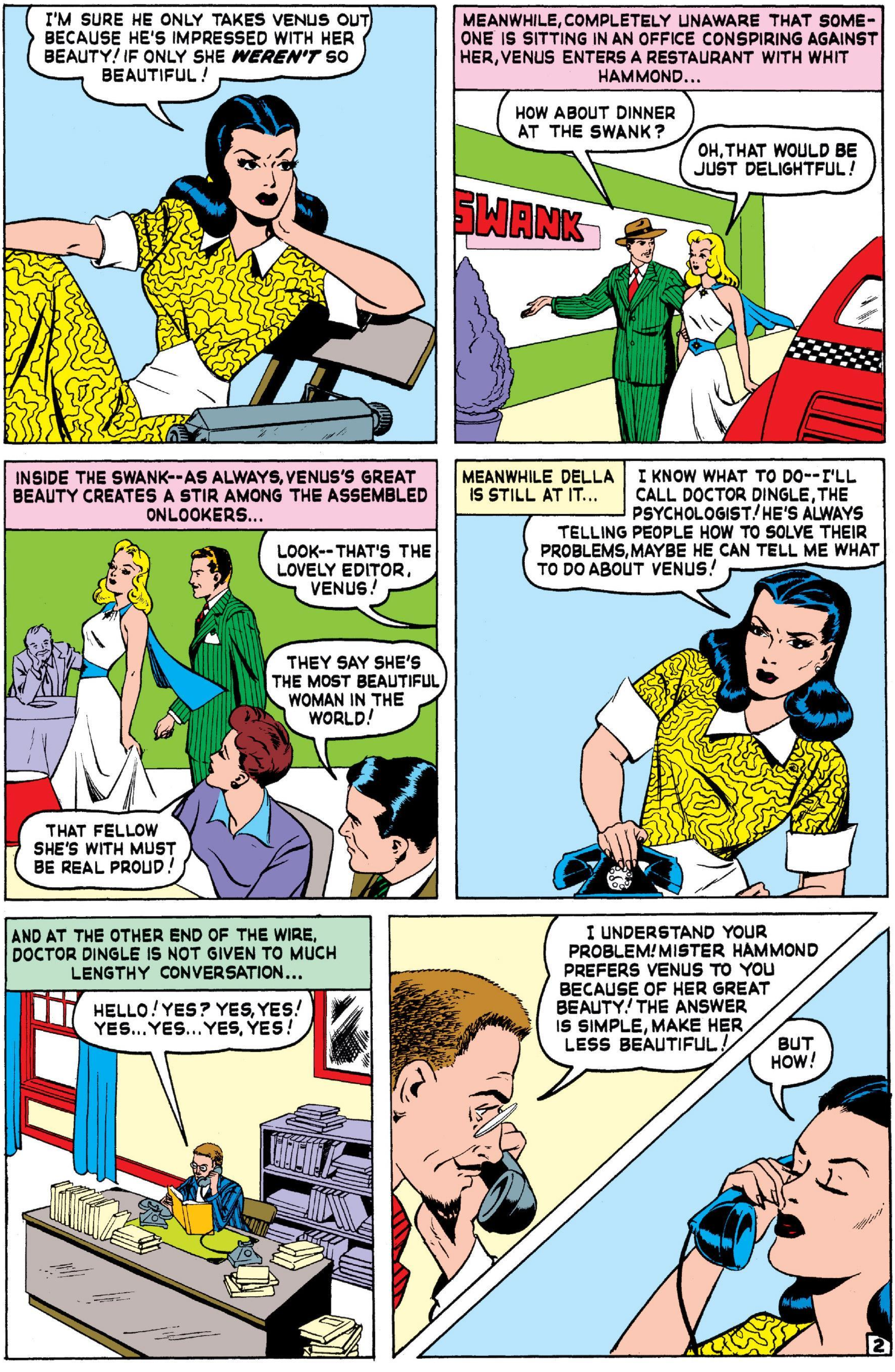
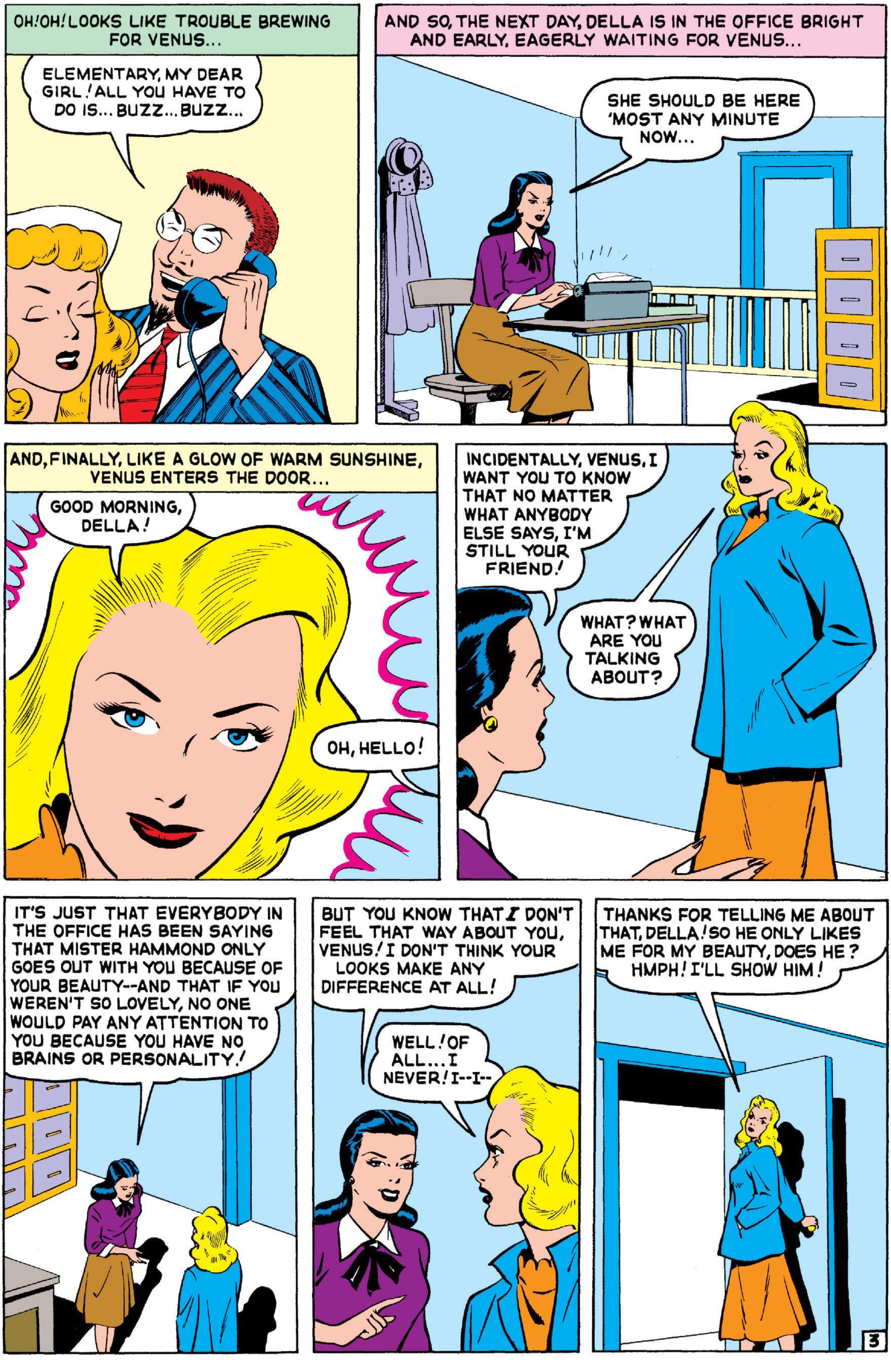
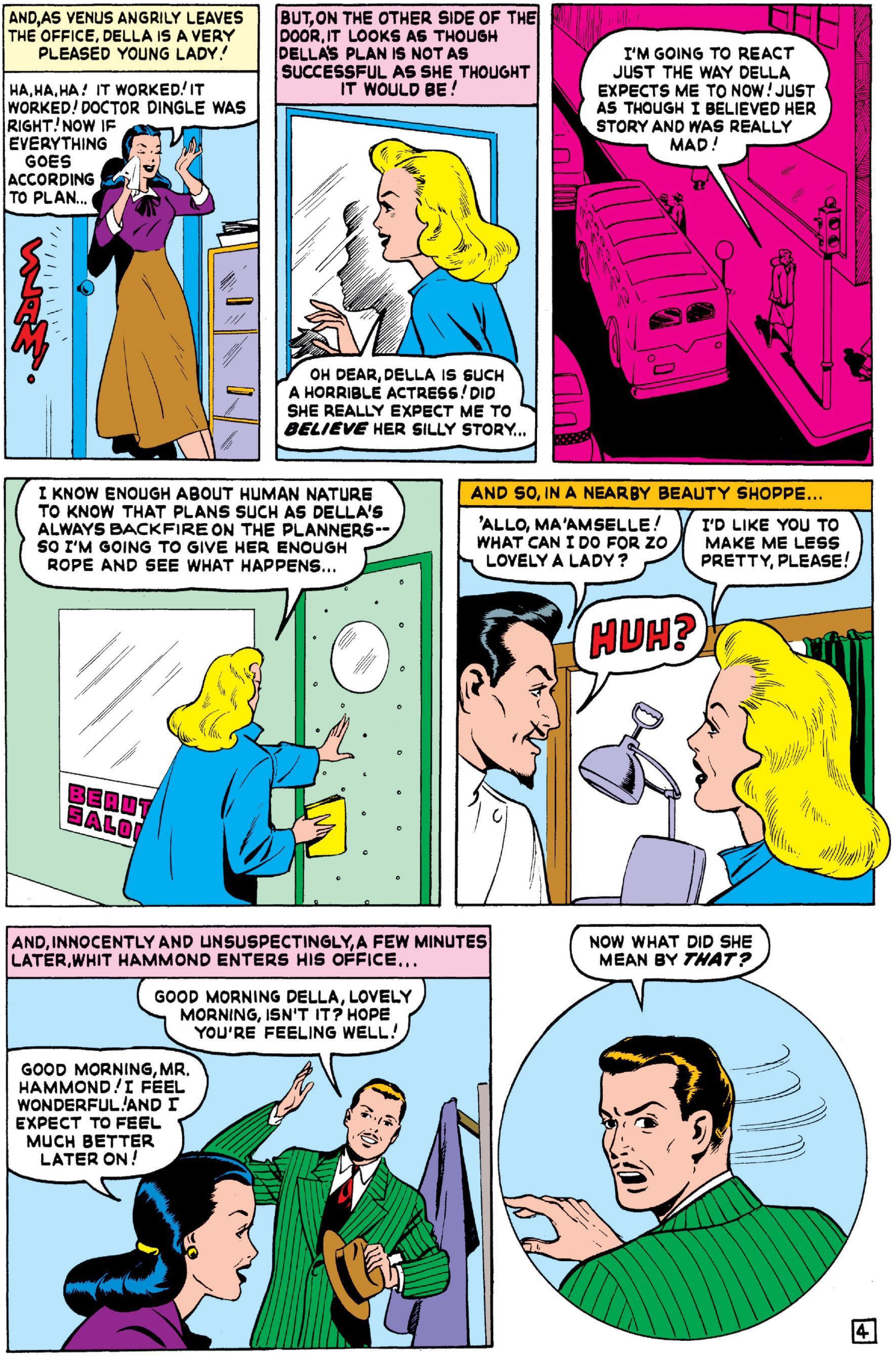
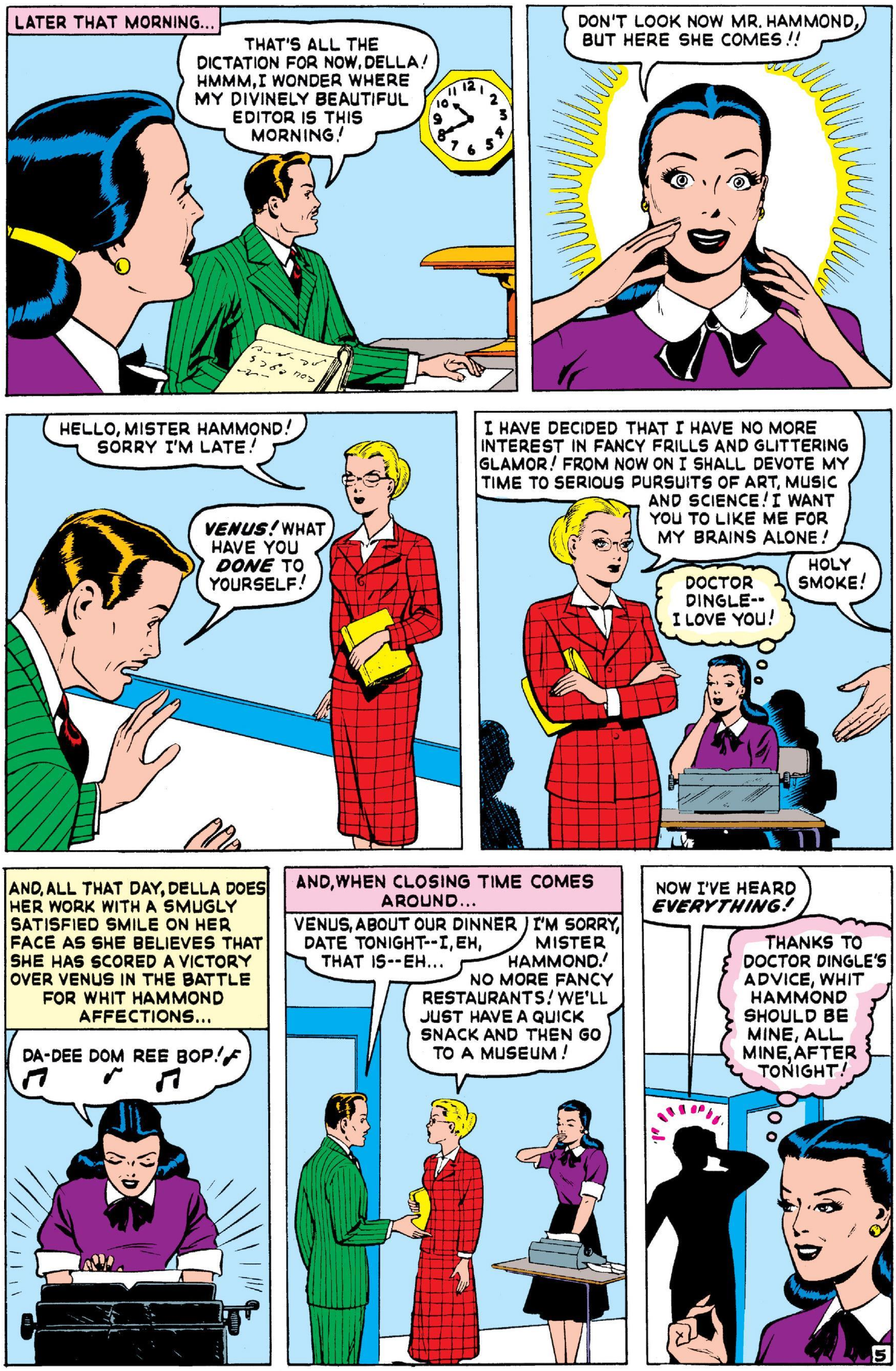
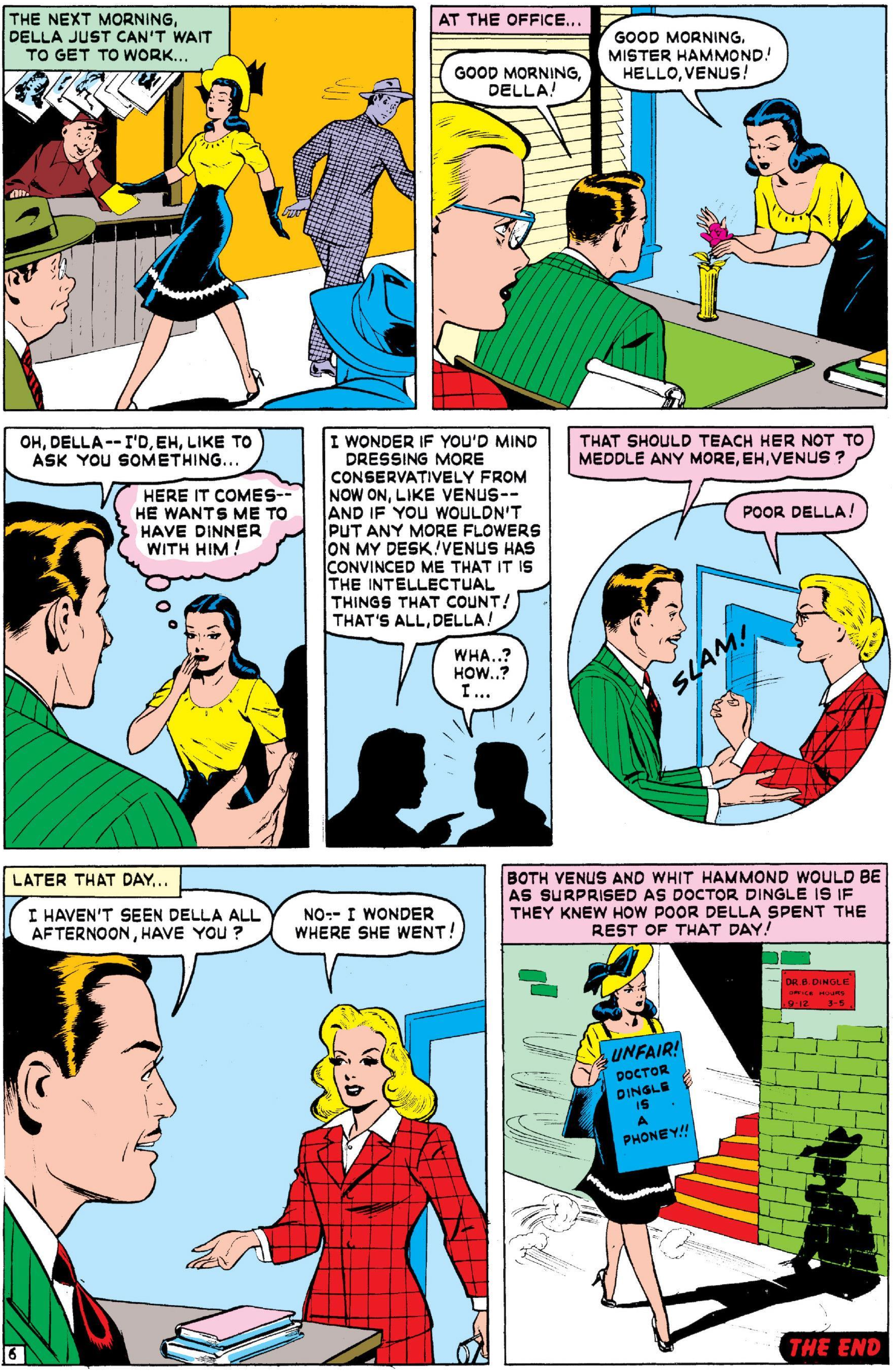

VENUS
WHAT'S VENUS GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?
NOTHING--- BUT ON HER IT LOOKS BETTER!
"IT'S ALL IN THE MIND!"
4423
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO EAT DINNER TONIGHT, VENUS?
OH, ANY PLACE WITH *YOU* WOULD BE WONDERFUL, MISTER HAMMOND!
IT ALL BEGINS THE DAY THAT VENUS AND WHITNEY HAMMOND GO OUT TO DINNER TOGETHER...
THERE THEY GO--HAVING DINNER TOGETHER AGAIN! MISTER HAMMOND USED TO TAKE ME OUT TO DINNER, BEFORE THAT VENUS CAME TO WORK HERE!
LEFT ALONE IN THE OFFICE, THE THOUGHTS OF DELLA MASON ARE FILLED WITH JEALOUSY OF THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE EDITOR!

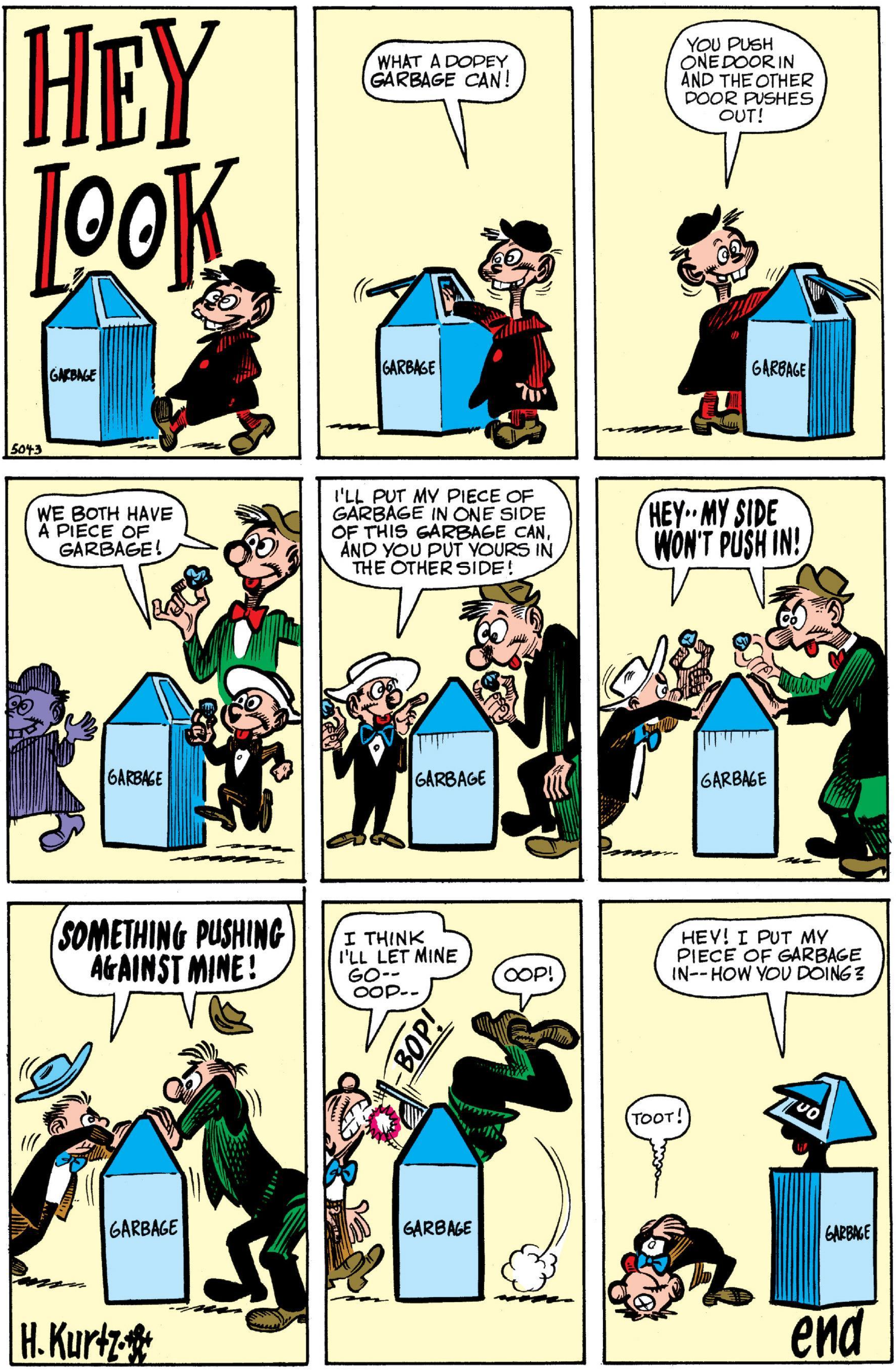

I'M SURE HE ONLY TAKES VENUS OUT BECAUSE HE'S IMPRESSED WITH HER BEAUTY! IF ONLY SHE ***WEREN'T*** SO BEAUTIFUL!
MEANWHILE, COMPLETELY UNAWARE THAT SOMEONE IS SITTING IN AN OFFICE CONSPIRING AGAINST HER, VENUS ENTERS A RESTAURANT WITH WHIT HAMMOND...
HOW ABOUT DINNER AT THE SWANK?
OH, THAT WOULD BE JUST DELIGHTFUL!
SWANK
INSIDE THE SWANK--AS ALWAYS, VENUS'S GREAT BEAUTY CREATES A STIR AMONG THE ASSEMBLED ONLOOKERS...
LOOK--THAT'S THE LOVELY EDITOR, VENUS!
THEY SAY SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD!
THAT FELLOW SHE'S WITH MUST BE REAL PROUD!
MEANWHILE DELLA IS STILL AT IT...
I KNOW WHAT TO DO--I'LL CALL DOCTOR DINGLE, THE PSYCHOLOGIST! HE'S ALWAYS TELLING PEOPLE HOW TO SOLVE THEIR PROBLEMS, MAYBE HE CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO ABOUT VENUS!
AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE WIRE, DOCTOR DINGLE IS NOT GIVEN TO MUCH LENGTHY CONVERSATION...
HELLO! YES? YES, YES! YES... YES... YES, YES!
I UNDERSTAND YOUR PROBLEM! MISTER HAMMOND PREFERS VENUS TO YOU BECAUSE OF HER GREAT BEAUTY! THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE, MAKE HER LESS BEAUTIFUL!
BUT HOW!
2


OH! OH! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE BREWING FOR VENUS...
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR GIRL! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS... BUZZ... BUZZ...
AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, DELLA IS IN THE OFFICE BRIGHT AND EARLY, EAGERLY WAITING FOR VENUS...
SHE SHOULD BE HERE 'MOST ANY MINUTE NOW...
AND, FINALLY, LIKE A GLOW OF WARM SUNSHINE, VENUS ENTERS THE DOOR...
GOOD MORNING, DELLA!
OH, HELLO!
INCIDENTALLY, VENUS, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHAT ANYBODY ELSE SAYS, I'M STILL YOUR FRIEND!
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
IT'S JUST THAT EVERYBODY IN THE OFFICE HAS BEEN SAYING THAT MISTER HAMMOND ONLY GOES OUT WITH YOU BECAUSE OF YOUR BEAUTY--AND THAT IF YOU WEREN'T SO LOVELY, NO ONE WOULD PAY ANY ATTENTION TO YOU BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO BRAINS OR PERSONALITY!
BUT YOU KNOW THAT *I* DON'T FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT YOU, VENUS! I DON'T THINK YOUR LOOKS MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE AT ALL!
WELL! OF ALL... I NEVER! I--I--
THANKS FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THAT, DELLA! SO HE ONLY LIKES ME FOR MY BEAUTY, DOES HE? HMPH! I'LL SHOW HIM!
3


AND, AS VENUS ANGRILY LEAVES THE OFFICE, DELLA IS A VERY PLEASED YOUNG LADY!
HA, HA, HA! IT WORKED! IT WORKED! DOCTOR DINGLE WAS RIGHT! NOW IF EVERYTHING GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN...
SLAM!
BUT, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH DELLA'S PLAN IS NOT AS SUCCESSFUL AS SHE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE!
OH DEAR, DELLA IS SUCH A HORRIBLE ACTRESS! DID SHE REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE HER SILLY STORY...
I'M GOING TO REACT JUST THE WAY DELLA EXPECTS ME TO NOW! JUST AS THOUGH I BELIEVED HER STORY AND WAS REALLY MAD!
I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HUMAN NATURE TO KNOW THAT PLANS SUCH AS DELLA'S ALWAYS BACKFIRE ON THE PLANNERS-- SO I'M GOING TO GIVE HER ENOUGH ROPE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS...
BEAUT SALO
AND SO, IN A NEARBY BEAUTY SHOPPE...
'ALLO, MA'AMSELLE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR ZO LOVELY A LADY?
I'D LIKE YOU TO MAKE ME LESS PRETTY, PLEASE!
HUH?
AND, INNOCENTLY AND UNSUSPECTINGLY, A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHIT HAMMOND ENTERS HIS OFFICE...
GOOD MORNING DELLA, LOVELY MORNING, ISN'T IT? HOPE YOU'RE FEELING WELL!
GOOD MORNING, MR. HAMMOND! I FEEL WONDERFUL! AND I EXPECT TO FEEL MUCH BETTER LATER ON!
NOW WHAT DID SHE MEAN BY THAT?

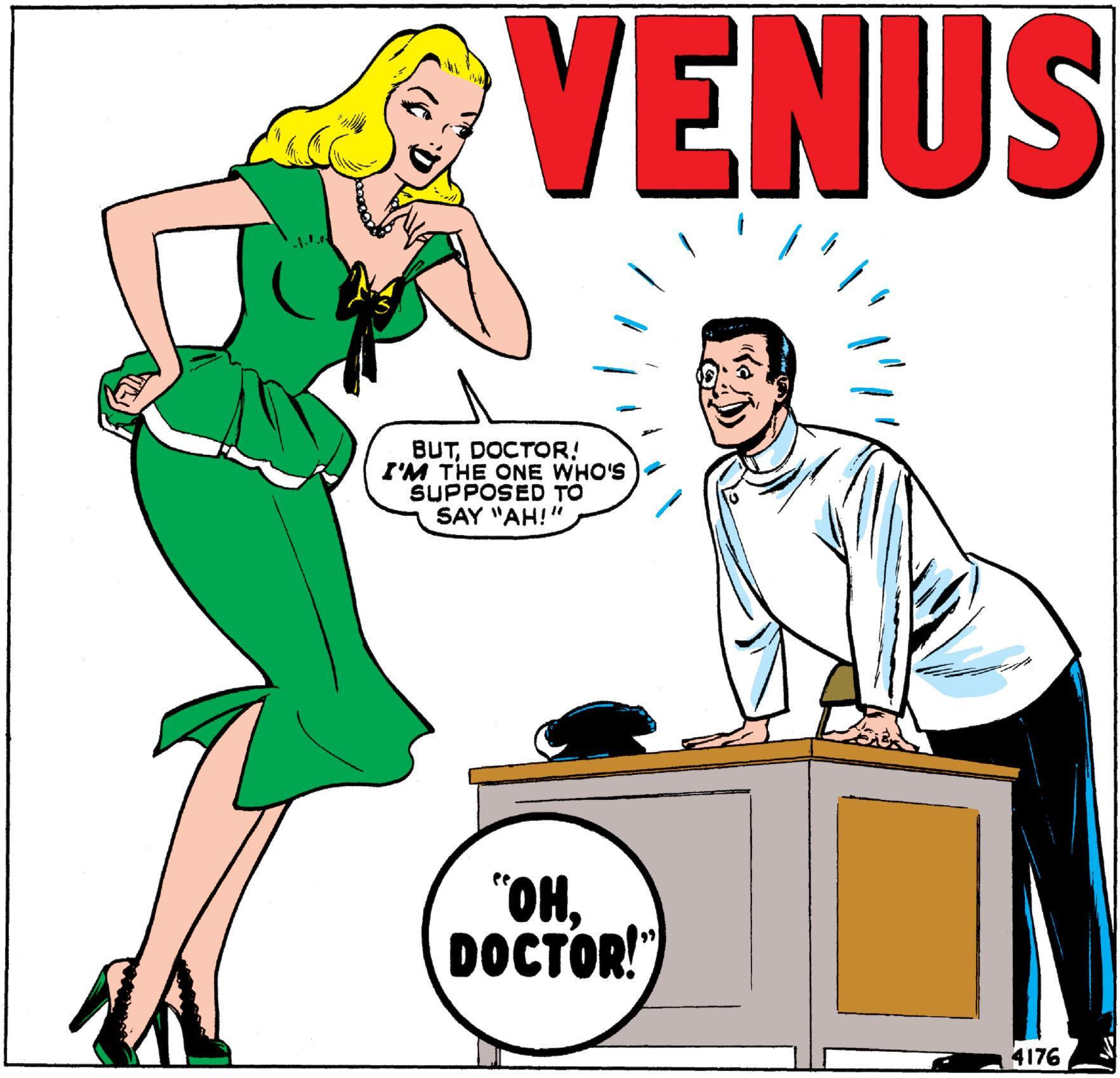

LATER THAT MORNING...
THAT'S ALL THE DICTATION FOR NOW, DELLA! HMMM, I WONDER WHERE MY DIVINELY BEAUTIFUL EDITOR IS THIS MORNING!
DON'T LOOK NOW MR. HAMMOND, BUT HERE SHE COMES!!
HELLO, MISTER HAMMOND! SORRY I'M LATE!
VENUS! WHAT HAVE YOU ***DONE*** TO YOURSELF!
I HAVE DECIDED THAT I HAVE NO MORE INTEREST IN FANCY FRILLS AND GLITTERING GLAMOR! FROM NOW ON I SHALL DEVOTE MY TIME TO SERIOUS PURSUITS OF ART, MUSIC AND SCIENCE! I WANT YOU TO LIKE ME FOR MY BRAINS ALONE!
DOCTOR DINGLE-- I LOVE YOU!
HOLY SMOKE!
AND, ALL THAT DAY, DELLA DOES HER WORK WITH A SMUGLY SATISFIED SMILE ON HER FACE AS SHE BELIEVES THAT SHE HAS SCORED A VICTORY OVER VENUS IN THE BATTLE FOR WHIT HAMMOND AFFECTIONS...
DA-DEE DOM REE BOP!
AND, WHEN CLOSING TIME COMES AROUND...
VENUS, ABOUT OUR DINNER DATE TONIGHT--I, EH, THAT IS--EH...
I'M SORRY, MISTER HAMMOND! NO MORE FANCY RESTAURANTS! WE'LL JUST HAVE A QUICK SNACK AND THEN GO TO A MUSEUM!
NOW I'VE HEARD ***EVERYTHING!***
THANKS TO DOCTOR DINGLE'S ADVICE, WHIT HAMMOND SHOULD BE MINE, ALL MINE, AFTER TONIGHT!
5

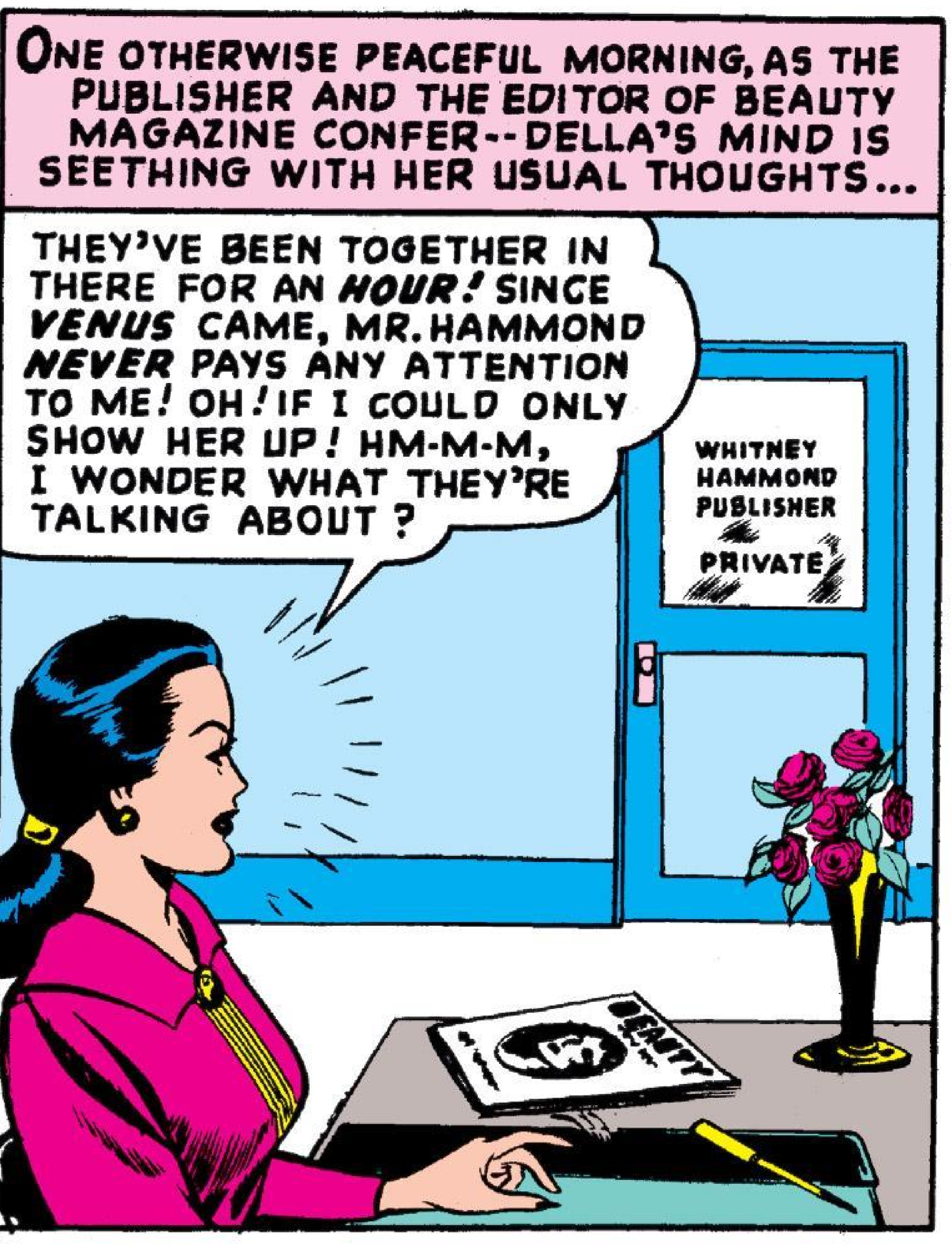

THE NEXT MORNING, DELLA JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO WORK...
AT THE OFFICE...
GOOD MORNING, DELLA!
GOOD MORNING, MISTER HAMMOND! HELLO, VENUS!
OH, DELLA-- I'D, EH, LIKE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING...
HERE IT COMES-- HE WANTS ME TO HAVE DINNER WITH HIM!
I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND DRESSING MORE CONSERVATIVELY FROM NOW ON, LIKE VENUS-- AND IF YOU WOULDN'T PUT ANY MORE FLOWERS ON MY DESK! VENUS HAS CONVINCED ME THAT IT IS THE INTELLECTUAL THINGS THAT COUNT! THAT'S ALL, DELLA!
WHA..? HOW..? I...
THAT SHOULD TEACH HER NOT TO MEDDLE ANY MORE, EH, VENUS?
POOR DELLA!
SLAM!
LATER THAT DAY...
I HAVEN'T SEEN DELLA ALL AFTERNOON, HAVE YOU?
NO-- I WONDER WHERE SHE WENT!
6
BOTH VENUS AND WHIT HAMMOND WOULD BE AS SURPRISED AS DOCTOR DINGLE IS IF THEY KNEW HOW POOR DELLA SPENT THE REST OF THAT DAY!
DR. B. DINGLE OFFICE HOURS 9-12 3-5
UNFAIR! DOCTOR DINGLE IS A PHONEY!!
THE END

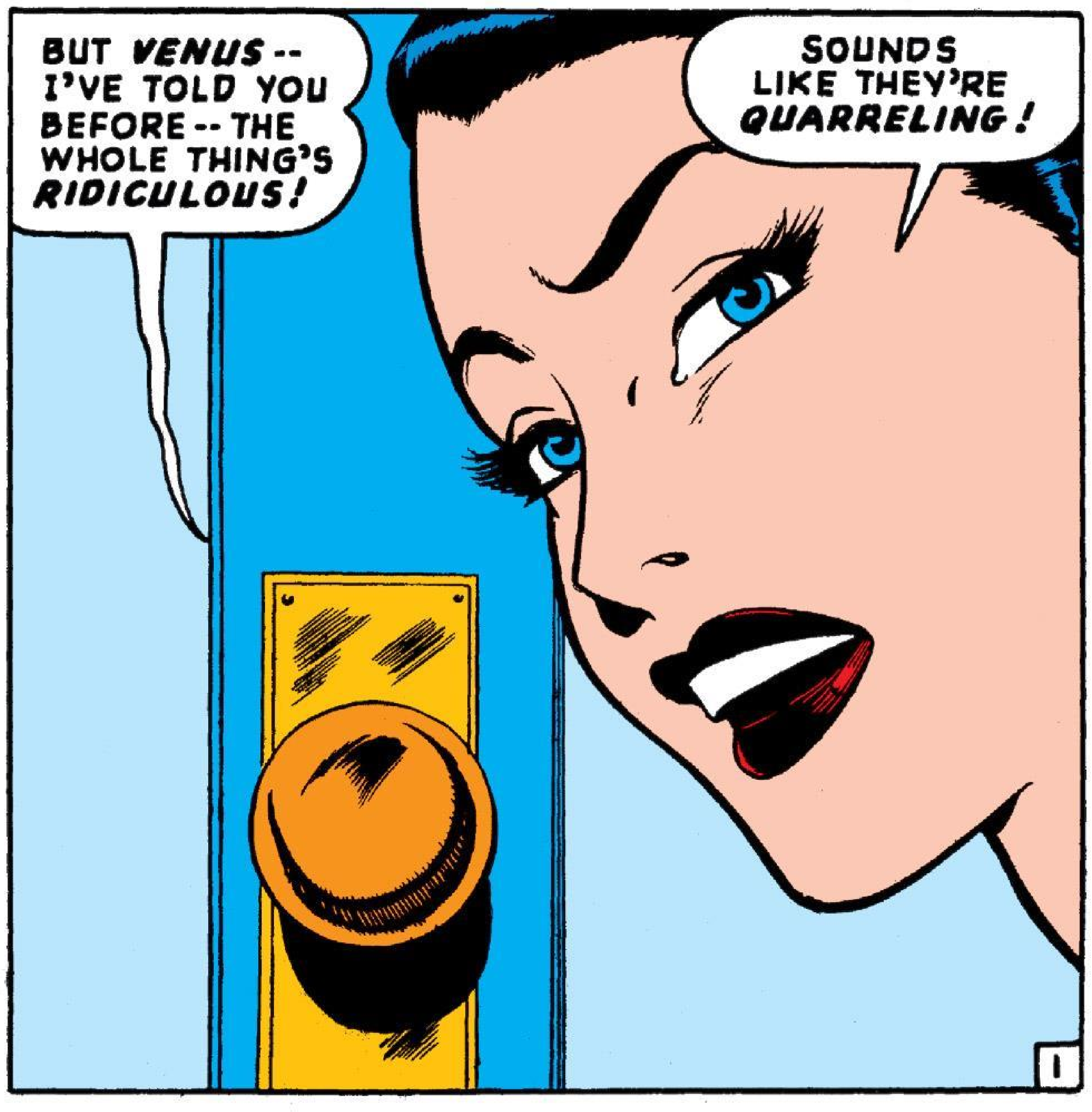

HEY LOOK
504-3
GARBAGE
WHAT A DOPEY GARBAGE CAN!
GARBAGE
YOU PUSH ONE DOOR IN AND THE OTHER DOOR PUSHES OUT!
GARBAGE
WE BOTH HAVE A PIECE OF GARBAGE!
GARBAGE
I'LL PUT MY PIECE OF GARBAGE IN ONE SIDE OF THIS GARBAGE CAN, AND YOU PUT YOURS IN THE OTHER SIDE!
GARBAGE
HEY·· MY SIDE WON'T PUSH IN!
GARBAGE
SOMETHING PUSHING AGAINST MINE!
GARBAGE
H. Kurtz
I THINK I'LL LET MINE GO-- OOP--
OOP!
BOP!
GARBAGE
HEY! I PUT MY PIECE OF GARBAGE IN--HOW YOU DOING?
TOOT!
GARBAGE
end

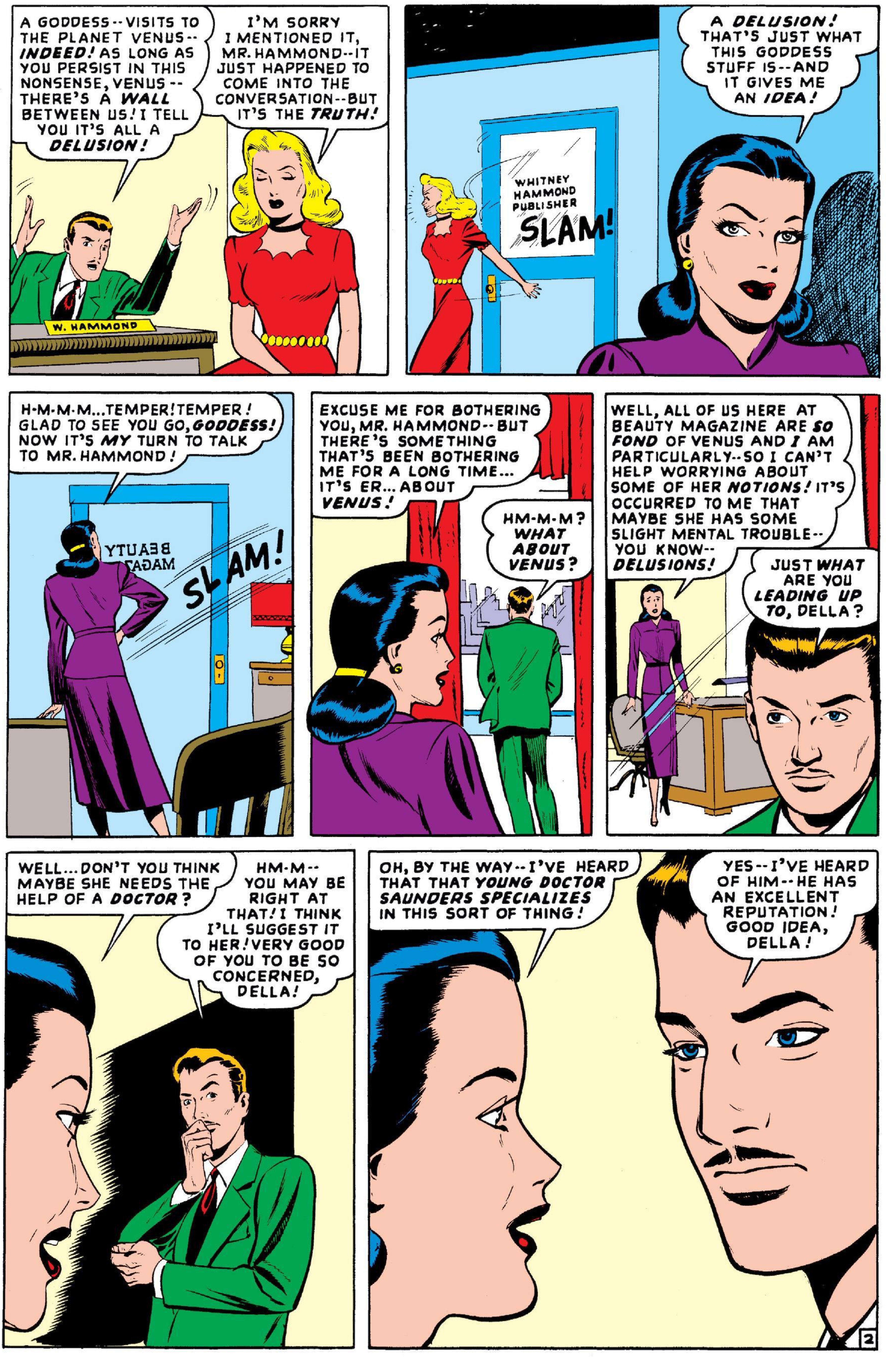
VENUS

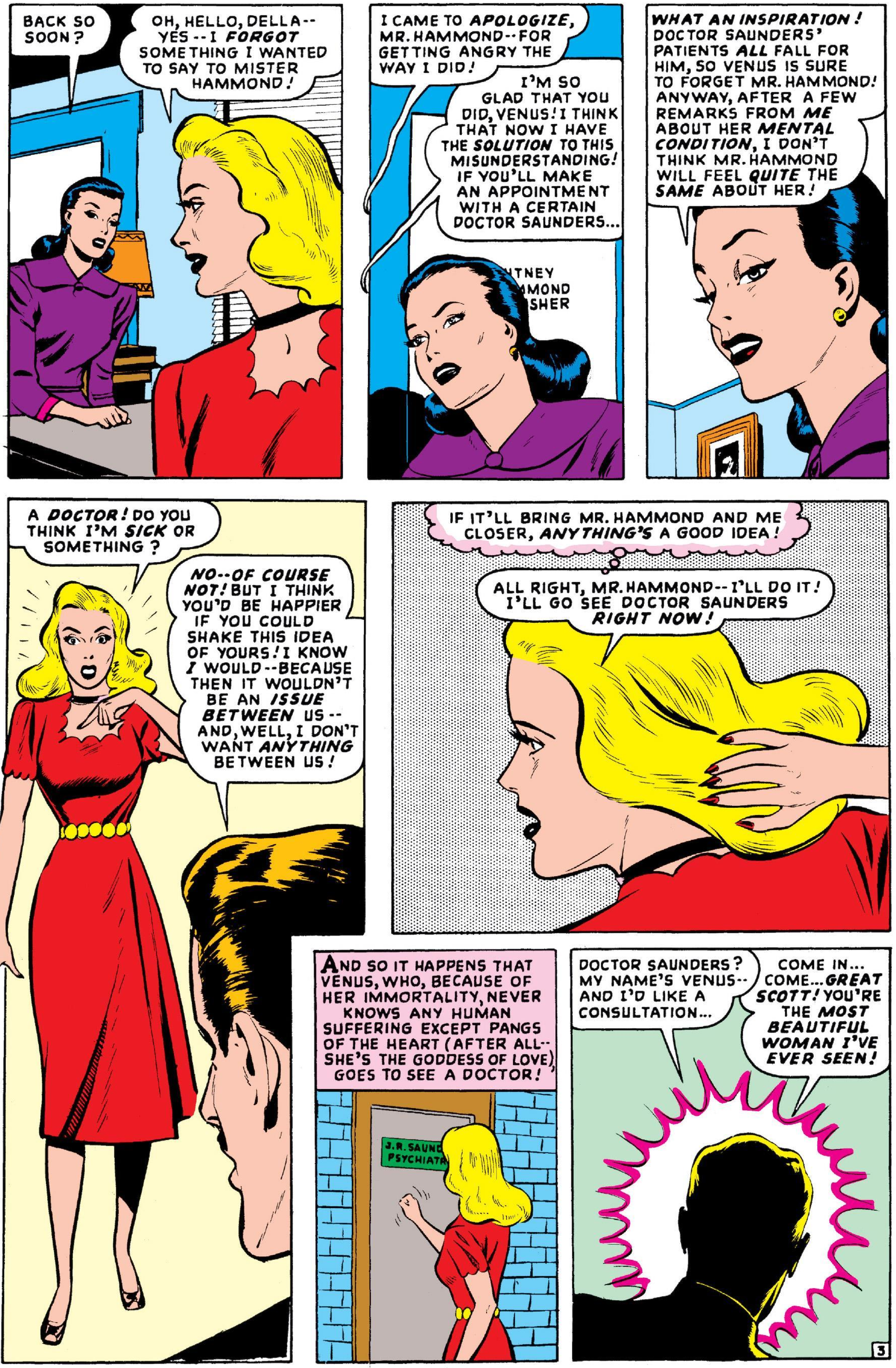
"OH, DOCTOR!"

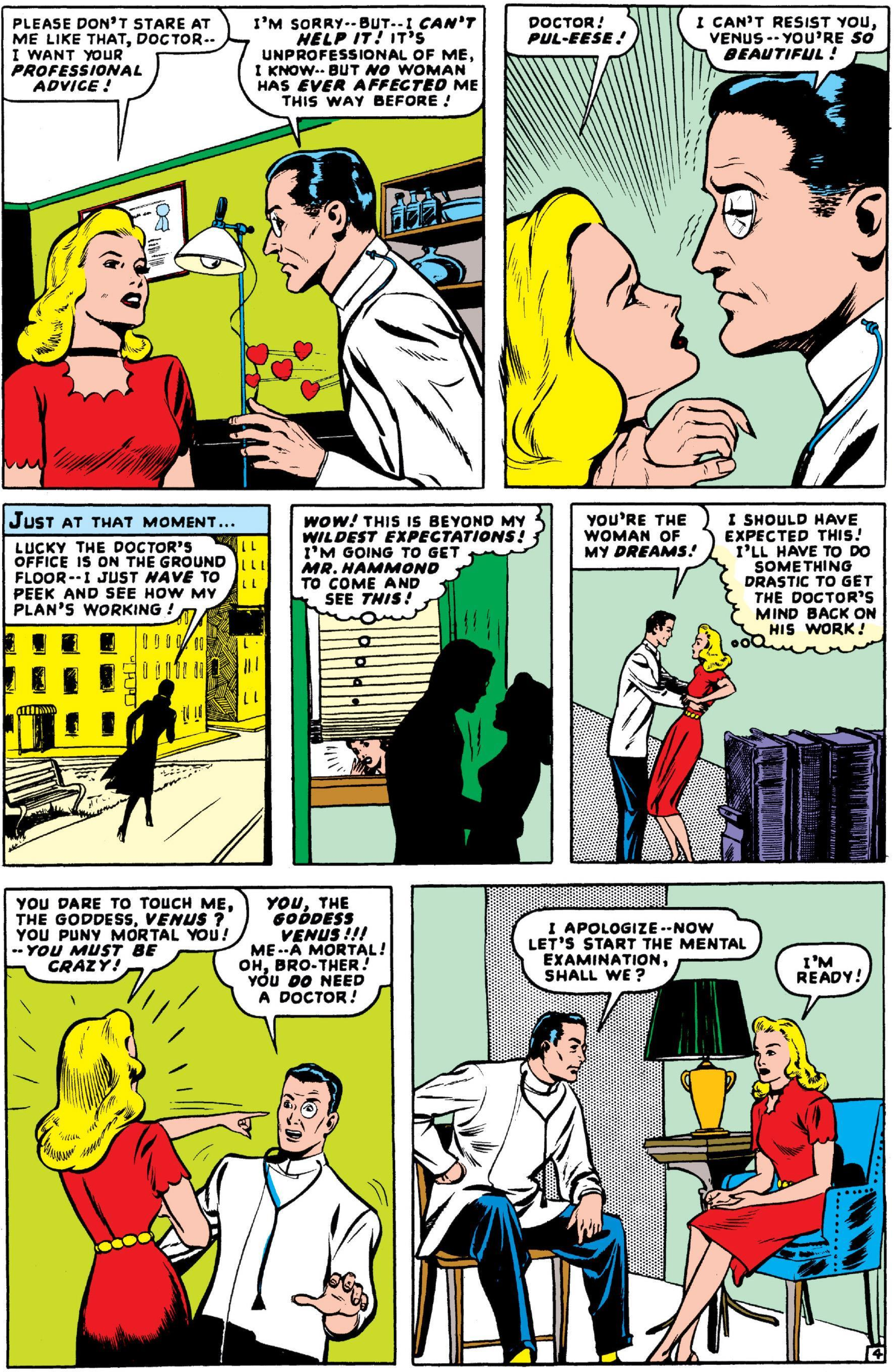

BUT, DOCTOR! *I'M* THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO SAY "AH!"
4176

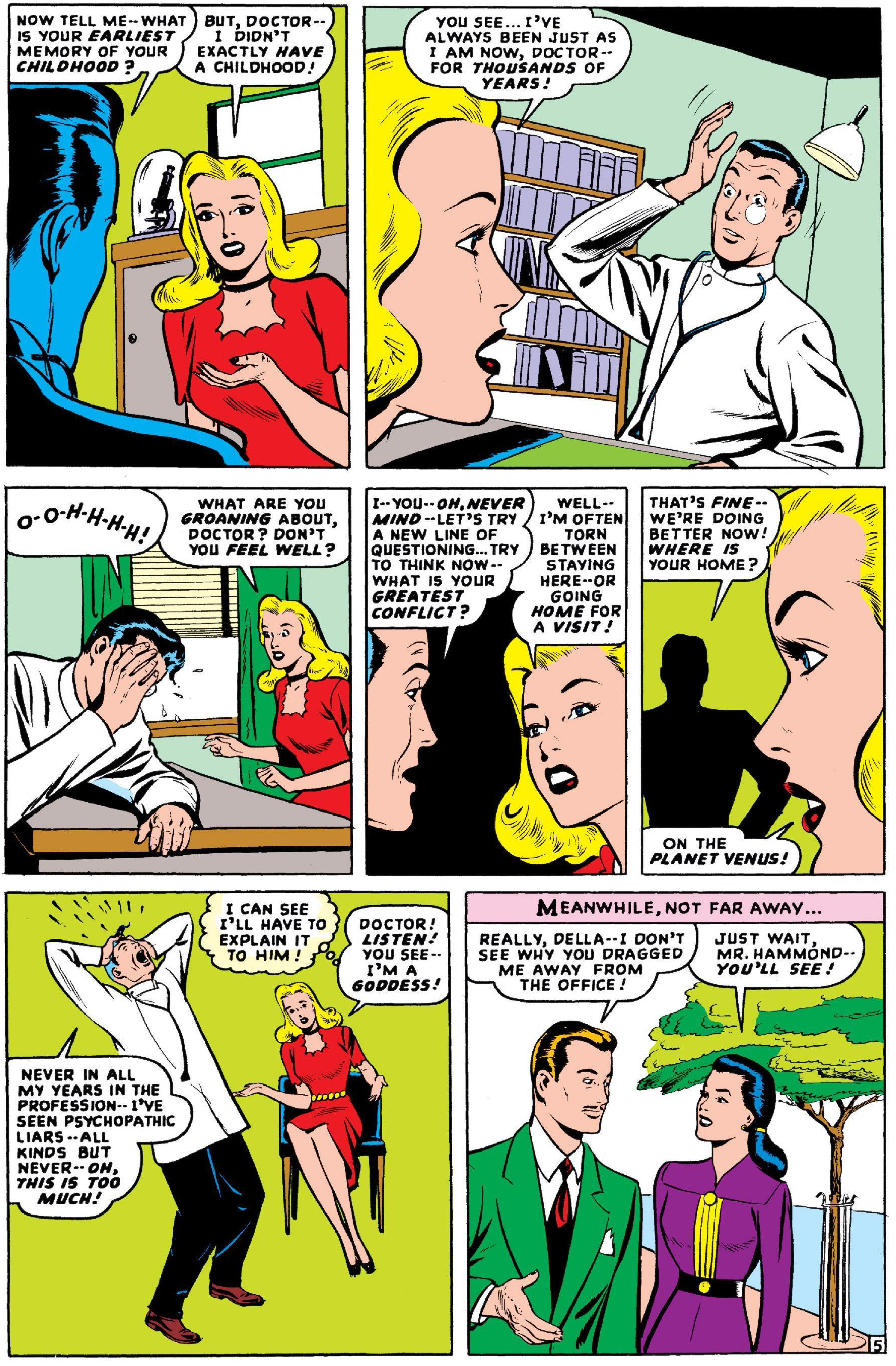

ONE OTHERWISE PEACEFUL MORNING, AS THE PUBLISHER AND THE EDITOR OF BEAUTY MAGAZINE CONFER--DELLA'S MIND IS SEETHING WITH HER USUAL THOUGHTS...
THEY'VE BEEN TOGETHER IN THERE FOR AN *HOUR!* SINCE *VENUS* CAME, MR. HAMMOND *NEVER* PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME! OH! IF I COULD ONLY SHOW HER UP! HM-M-M, I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT?
WHITNEY HAMMOND PUBLISHER
PRIVATE
BEAUTY

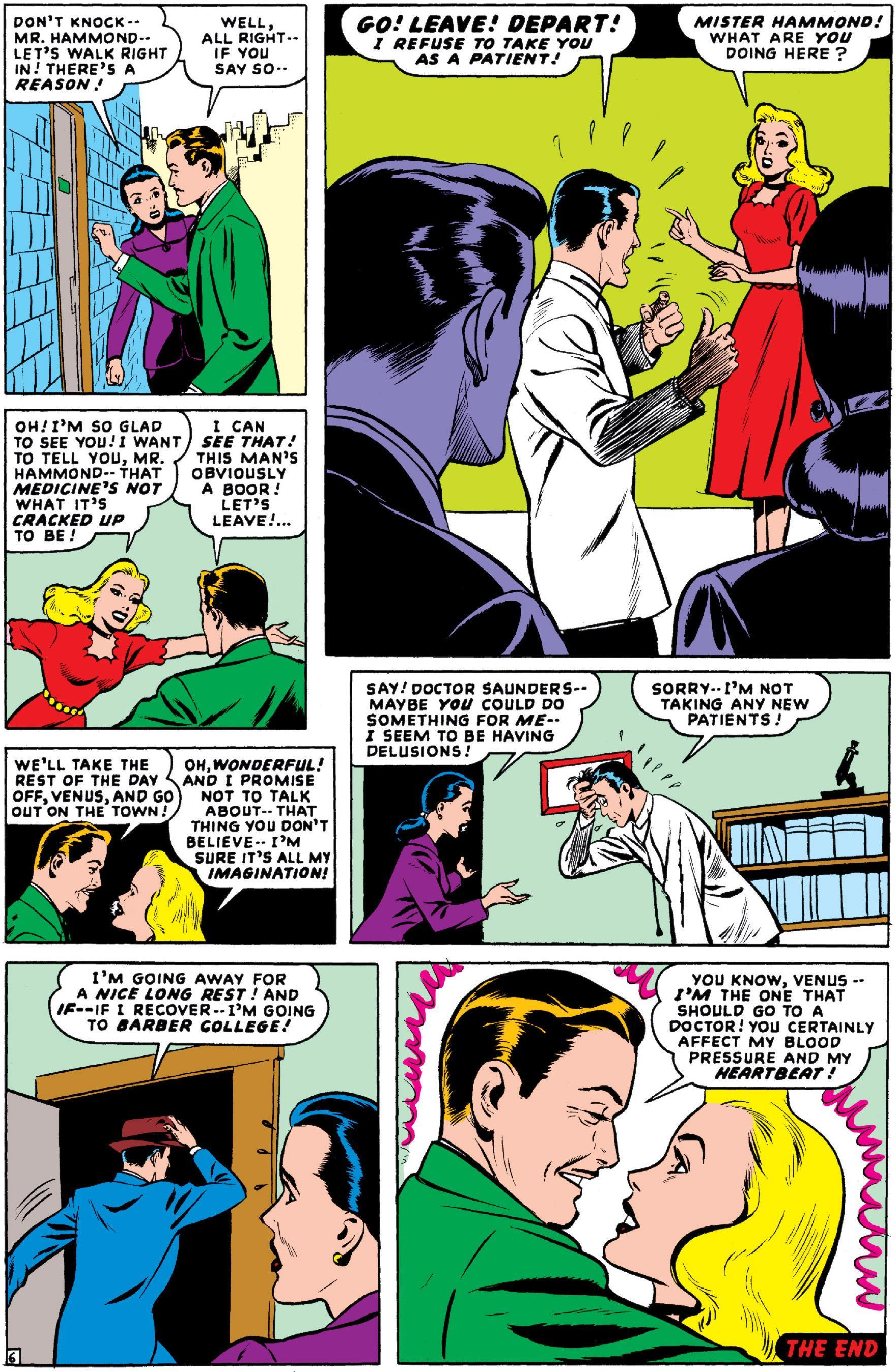

BUT *VENUS*-- I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE--THE WHOLE THING'S *RIDICULOUS!*
SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE *QUARRELING!*


A GODDESS -- VISITS TO THE PLANET VENUS -- *INDEED!* AS LONG AS YOU PERSIST IN THIS NONSENSE, VENUS -- THERE'S A *WALL* BETWEEN US! I TELL YOU IT'S ALL A *DELUSION!*
W. HAMMOND
I'M SORRY I MENTIONED IT, MR. HAMMOND -- IT JUST HAPPENED TO COME INTO THE CONVERSATION -- BUT IT'S THE *TRUTH!*
WHITNEY HAMMOND PUBLISHER
SLAM!
A *DELUSION!* THAT'S JUST WHAT THIS GODDESS STUFF IS -- AND IT GIVES ME AN *IDEA!*
H-M-M-M... TEMPER! TEMPER! GLAD TO SEE YOU GO, *GODDESS!* NOW IT'S *MY* TURN TO TALK TO MR. HAMMOND!
BEAUTY MAGA
SLAM!
EXCUSE ME FOR BOTHERING YOU, MR. HAMMOND -- BUT THERE'S SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME FOR A LONG TIME... IT'S ER... ABOUT *VENUS!*
HM-M-M? *WHAT ABOUT VENUS?*
WELL, ALL OF US HERE AT BEAUTY MAGAZINE ARE *SO FOND* OF VENUS AND *I* AM PARTICULARLY -- SO I CAN'T HELP WORRYING ABOUT SOME OF HER *NOTIONS!* IT'S OCCURRED TO ME THAT MAYBE SHE HAS SOME SLIGHT MENTAL TROUBLE -- YOU KNOW -- *DELUSIONS!*
JUST *WHAT* ARE YOU *LEADING UP TO,* DELLA?
WELL... DON'T YOU THINK MAYBE SHE NEEDS THE HELP OF A *DOCTOR?*
HM-M -- YOU MAY BE RIGHT AT THAT! I THINK I'LL SUGGEST IT TO HER! VERY GOOD OF YOU TO BE SO CONCERNED, DELLA!
OH, BY THE WAY -- I'VE HEARD THAT THAT *YOUNG DOCTOR SAUNDERS SPECIALIZES* IN THIS SORT OF THING!
YES -- I'VE HEARD OF HIM -- HE HAS AN EXCELLENT REPUTATION! GOOD IDEA, DELLA!
2


BACK SO SOON?
OH, HELLO, DELLA-- YES--I FORGOT SOMETHING I WANTED TO SAY TO MISTER HAMMOND!
I CAME TO APOLOGIZE, MR. HAMMOND--FOR GETTING ANGRY THE WAY I DID!
I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU DID, VENUS! I THINK THAT NOW I HAVE THE SOLUTION TO THIS MISUNDERSTANDING! IF YOU'LL MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH A CERTAIN DOCTOR SAUNDERS...
TNEY
AMOND
SHER
WHAT AN INSPIRATION! DOCTOR SAUNDERS' PATIENTS ALL FALL FOR HIM, SO VENUS IS SURE TO FORGET MR. HAMMOND! ANYWAY, AFTER A FEW REMARKS FROM ME ABOUT HER MENTAL CONDITION, I DON'T THINK MR. HAMMOND WILL FEEL QUITE THE SAME ABOUT HER!
A DOCTOR! DO YOU THINK I'M SICK OR SOMETHING?
NO--OF COURSE NOT! BUT I THINK YOU'D BE HAPPIER IF YOU COULD SHAKE THIS IDEA OF YOURS! I KNOW I WOULD--BECAUSE THEN IT WOULDN'T BE AN ISSUE BETWEEN US--AND, WELL, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING BETWEEN US!
IF IT'LL BRING MR. HAMMOND AND ME CLOSER, ANYTHING'S A GOOD IDEA!
ALL RIGHT, MR. HAMMOND--I'LL DO IT! I'LL GO SEE DOCTOR SAUNDERS RIGHT NOW!
AND SO IT HAPPENS THAT VENUS, WHO, BECAUSE OF HER IMMORTALITY, NEVER KNOWS ANY HUMAN SUFFERING EXCEPT PANGS OF THE HEART (AFTER ALL--SHE'S THE GODDESS OF LOVE), GOES TO SEE A DOCTOR!
J.R. SAUND
PSYCHIATR
DOCTOR SAUNDERS? MY NAME'S VENUS--AND I'D LIKE A CONSULTATION...
COME IN... COME... GREAT SCOTT! YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN!
3


PLEASE DON'T STARE AT ME LIKE THAT, DOCTOR-- I WANT YOUR **PROFESSIONAL ADVICE!**
I'M SORRY--BUT--I ***CAN'T HELP IT!*** IT'S UNPROFESSIONAL OF ME, I KNOW--BUT ***NO*** WOMAN HAS ***EVER AFFECTED*** ME THIS WAY BEFORE!
DOCTOR! ***PUL-EESE!***
I CAN'T RESIST YOU, VENUS--YOU'RE ***SO BEAUTIFUL!***
JUST AT THAT MOMENT...
LUCKY THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE IS ON THE GROUND FLOOR--I JUST ***HAVE*** TO PEEK AND SEE HOW MY PLAN'S WORKING!
WOW! THIS IS BEYOND MY ***WILDEST EXPECTATIONS!*** I'M GOING TO GET ***MR. HAMMOND*** TO COME AND SEE ***THIS!***
YOU'RE THE WOMAN OF MY ***DREAMS!***
I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THIS! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING DRASTIC TO GET THE DOCTOR'S MIND BACK ON HIS WORK!
YOU DARE TO TOUCH ME, THE GODDESS, ***VENUS?*** YOU PUNY MORTAL YOU! ***--YOU MUST BE CRAZY!***
YOU, THE ***GODDESS VENUS!!!*** ME--A MORTAL! OH, BRO-THER! YOU ***DO*** NEED A DOCTOR!
I APOLOGIZE--NOW LET'S START THE MENTAL EXAMINATION, SHALL WE?
I'M READY!


NOW TELL ME--WHAT IS YOUR *EARLIEST* MEMORY OF YOUR *CHILDHOOD*?
BUT, DOCTOR-- I DIDN'T EXACTLY *HAVE* A CHILDHOOD!
YOU SEE... I'VE ALWAYS BEEN JUST AS I AM NOW, DOCTOR-- FOR *THOUSANDS* OF *YEARS!*
O-O-H-H-H-H!
WHAT ARE YOU *GROANING* ABOUT, DOCTOR? DON'T YOU *FEEL WELL*?
I--YOU--*OH, NEVER MIND*--LET'S TRY A NEW LINE OF QUESTIONING...TRY TO THINK NOW-- WHAT IS YOUR *GREATEST CONFLICT*?
WELL-- I'M OFTEN TORN BETWEEN STAYING HERE--OR GOING *HOME* FOR A *VISIT!*
THAT'S *FINE*-- WE'RE DOING BETTER NOW! *WHERE IS* YOUR HOME?
ON THE *PLANET VENUS!*
I CAN SEE I'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT TO HIM!
DOCTOR! *LISTEN!* YOU SEE-- I'M A *GODDESS!*
NEVER IN ALL MY YEARS IN THE PROFESSION-- I'VE SEEN PSYCHOPATHIC LIARS--ALL KINDS BUT NEVER--*OH, THIS IS TOO MUCH!*
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...
REALLY, DELLA--I DON'T SEE WHY YOU DRAGGED ME AWAY FROM THE OFFICE!
JUST WAIT, MR. HAMMOND-- *YOU'LL SEE!*


DON'T KNOCK -- MR. HAMMOND -- LET'S WALK RIGHT IN! THERE'S A *REASON*!
WELL, ALL RIGHT -- IF YOU SAY SO --
GO! LEAVE! DEPART! I REFUSE TO TAKE YOU AS A PATIENT!
MISTER HAMMOND! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
OH! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! I WANT TO TELL YOU, MR. HAMMOND -- THAT *MEDICINE'S NOT* WHAT IT'S *CRACKED UP* TO BE!
I CAN *SEE THAT!* THIS MAN'S OBVIOUSLY A BOOR! LET'S LEAVE!...
WE'LL TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF, VENUS, AND GO OUT ON THE TOWN!
OH, *WONDERFUL!* AND I PROMISE NOT TO TALK ABOUT -- THAT THING YOU DON'T BELIEVE -- I'M SURE IT'S ALL MY *IMAGINATION!*
SAY! DOCTOR SAUNDERS -- MAYBE *YOU* COULD DO SOMETHING FOR *ME* -- *I* SEEM TO BE HAVING DELUSIONS!
SORRY -- I'M NOT TAKING ANY NEW PATIENTS!
I'M GOING AWAY FOR A *NICE LONG REST!* AND *IF* -- IF I RECOVER -- I'M GOING TO *BARBER COLLEGE!*
6
YOU KNOW, VENUS -- *I'M* THE ONE THAT SHOULD GO TO A DOCTOR! YOU CERTAINLY AFFECT MY BLOOD PRESSURE AND MY *HEARTBEAT!*
THE END